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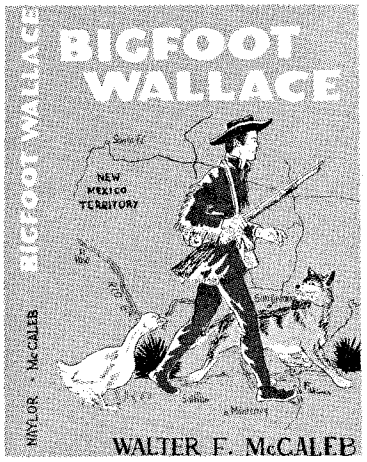

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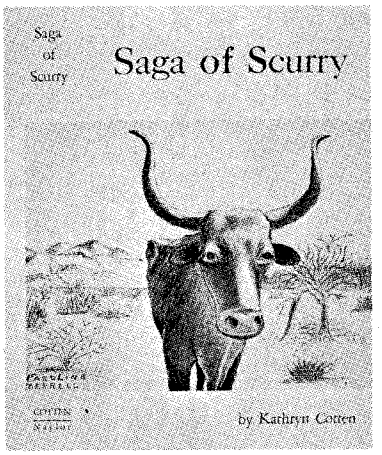

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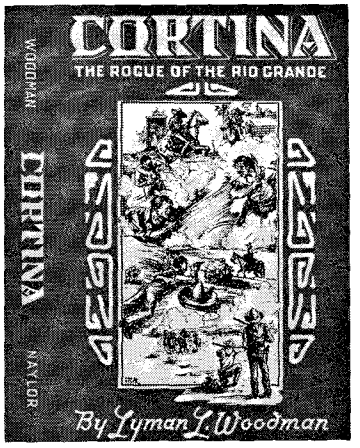

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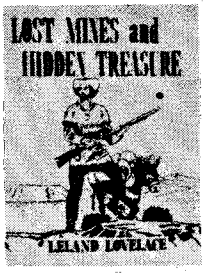

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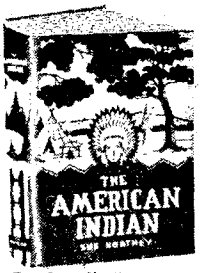

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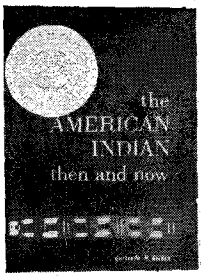

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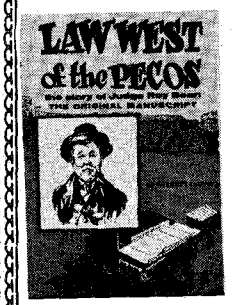

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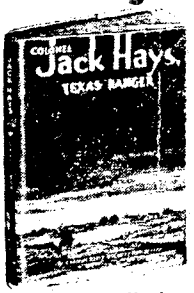

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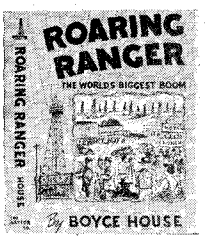

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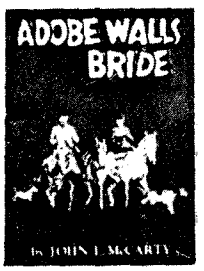

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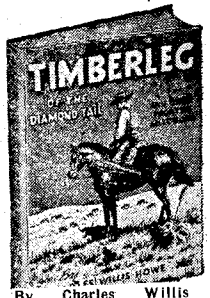

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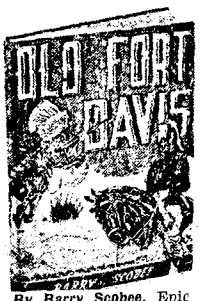

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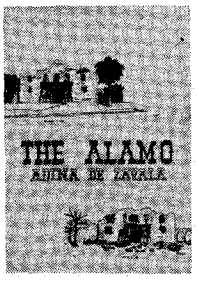

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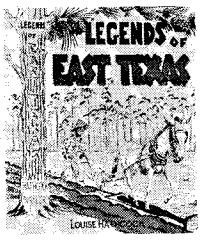

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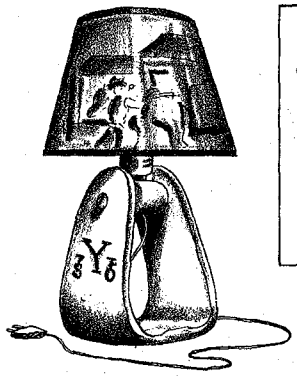

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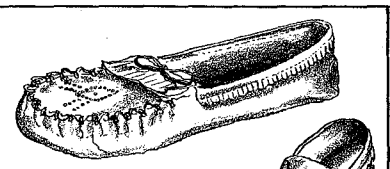

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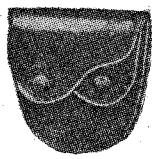

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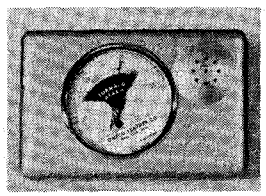

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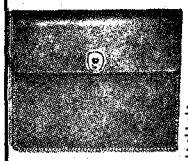

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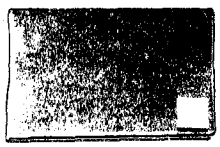

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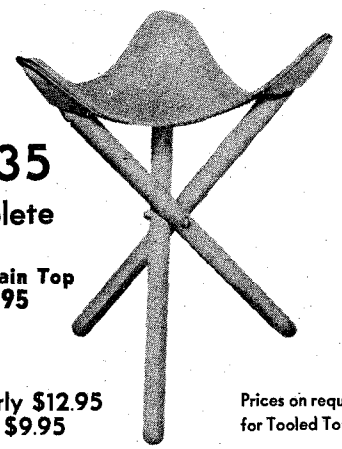

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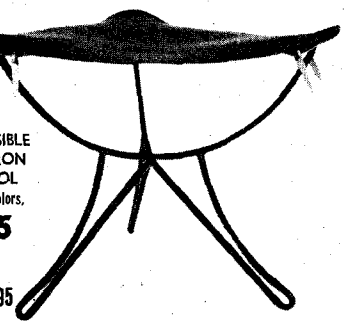

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Coming Up!

FRONTIER humor has been called many things by many people—particularly by those on the receiving end!—but to a reader of the endless pranks covered by the term, it represents a barrel of belly laughs. In "Bigfoot Wallace and the Little Author," you will whoop at the stunts perpetrated by a master of the art. This yarn, originally published in a book by John C. Duval titled "Bigfoot Wallace, Texas Ranger and Hunter" in 1870, later appeared in a facsimile reproduction brought out by The Steck Company of Austin, Texas, in 1935. We present it as condensed by Tommie Gipson (Mrs. Fred Gipson).

Second author in the May-June lineup is a fellow you may have heard of in another medium: Walt Disney. Walt took time out from his multitudinous projects to write the story of his fabulous Frontierland in Anaheim, California, a place of sheer delight for the young and the young in heart. The Frontier Village, the Rainbow Caverns, the "Rivers of America" where plies the majestic sternwheeler "Mark Twain"—all are described in fascinating detail by the remarkable man who created them. You will also enjoy interesting glimpses into Walt's Missouri boyhood, and read of the youthful dreams that helped spark this amazing American success story.

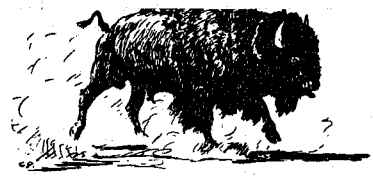
Remember Dr. E. R. Harrington's controversial article "I'm SICK of Lost Mines" in the December, 1957, TW? We knew doggone well we'd get plenty of reaction from readers on that article, and, folks, we sure weren't disappointed! All over the country the hunters of lost mines and buried treasures rared back and let the doc have both barrels. We picked a few of the best letters and ran them as an article under the title: "The Heck You Say, Dr. Harrington." It's just possible that the good doc will change some of his opinions after he reads the article. It's also possible that the doc—being the positive type of gent he is—will remain just as sick of lost mines as ever. Anyhow, we'll guarantee the piece to be real good fun for everybody.

It's rare indeed when Walt Coburn, the old master of Western action fiction, turns his talented typewriter to manufacturing an authentic article—but when he does, the results merit the effort. Next issue, Walt tells you of the last hanging in Arizona, on July 30, 1903. In the inimitable Coburn manner, Walt spins the yarn of a double murder, the relentless trackdown of the murderers, and the swift justice meted out to them. Complete with step-by-step photographs of the hanging.

SOME issues back we published a couple of stories on Rose Dunn, the almost legendary figure known as Rose of the Cimarron. We were deluged with letters, some stating that we had come as close to the truth as would ever be known about this mysterious girl-companion of outlaws. Other letters blasted us from hell-to-breakfast for fabricating the whole thing, including the girl herself! Now it just so happens that in Oklahoma City lives a gracious lady who actually knew Rose of the Cimarron. We prevailed upon her to write about Rose as she really was. The article is "I Knew Rose of the Cimarron," by Zoe A. Tilghman, widow of the famed frontier lawman of the period, Bill Tilghman.

Ol' Norm went way out on a limb when he promised us that he could wind up his Indian tribal series with two double-length articles on the Sioux. Well, the dadgum limb broke off! The result was FOUR double-length articles, the last of which will appear next issue. So, the highly popular Indian series ends. Next stop, if we can get enough of you folks to write in to interest a publisher, is to get it printed in

(Continued on page 48)



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True West

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Truly Western

Old-timers' Corral

Editor, *True West:*

I've been reading TW and enjoy it very much. I also get some good laughs out of them galoots chewing the rag about Hickok, Earp, Billy the Kid, etc. Now you take this feller C. A. Dill, of Vinita, Oklahoma, who's been popping off about Tom Mix. I've known him ever since he was a newspaper kid in Ponca City, but I sure didn't know he had the inside dope on Tom Mix!

I expect Brother Dill got his ideas from Zack Miller. Hell, Zack was mad at Tom—been mad at him ever since I could remember! I have been around the 101 Ranch all my life and knew just about all them fellers. However, I *didn't* know Tom Mix. He went with the show and was in Mexico when Pickett won that bet for Joe Miller. Joe thought plenty of Bill Pickett. Old Bill is buried about half a mile north of here. I was out there the other day and fixed up his headstone; cows had been rubbing it.

Bill Pickett told me about Tom Mix one time when I was visiting him. He said Tom was a horse trainer and a showman, but not a very good hand with cows. I think people today are getting the old-time cowhands all mixed up with rodeo stars and showmen. A good cowboy often was not the best rider or roper. Some of the best cowboys I ever saw were afraid of a bucking horse. Bill Pickett, for example, was too wild and rough to make a cowhand.

I saw plenty of rough riders come and go at the 101; all too rough for cowhands. They would keep the bark knocked off of anything.

I knew Zack Mulhall—everybody said he was a county joke. I also knew Mexican Joe—he was a cowboy for Pawnee Bill. Seems like I knew J. Red Grimes too; leastwise there was a Tommy Grimes here who went to Hollywood and later died of TB. J. Grimes said Pickett bull-dogged a buffalo. Well, it always looked to me that Bill just knocked them buffaloes down. You never saw anything but a ball of dust with a lot of heels sticking up, so how could anybody tell for sure?

I knew Wyatt Earp and Bill Tilghman. Nice gents, both of them. I'm afraid to say much about Hickok—he ain't been dead long enough! Bill Tilghman said Hickok was the straight goods. A good many old-timers were just windjammers, but Tilghman and Earp gave you the straight of it.

I never hear anything about Henry Grammer, who was a pretty salty showman, bronc-buster, booze-fighter and general handy man around the rough bunch. Also, Tommy Grammer, Clyde Maddox, Kirk Blue, Stach Lee, Colorado Joe, and a lot more real rugged hombres.

Well, folks, I'll close by saying that Zack Miller wouldn't have knowed which end of a cow went up to the stump—and that goes for C. A. Dill too. —Orval Bryan, P.O. Box 564, Marland, Oklahoma.

Dear Editor:

A friend of mine, a writer and a reader of yours, told me of your interest in information of the early days of Texas and the Strip Country of Oklahoma.

On September 16, 1893, I was one of those who entered upon the wind-swept sandhills and mesquite prairies of the Strip Country. Woodward was my destination. My father had preceded me to Woodward, where he was a civil engineer. In his job, he surveyed much of the townsite of Woodward.

Let your imagination run to a situation involving a thirteen-year-old boy seated upon the spring seat of a double wagon box, canvas-covered, a typical "prairie schooner" to which was hitched a mule team; with camp equipment and meager supplies, lines taut and blacksnake whip in hand, ready for the opening gunshot and the big race!

As I write these lines I am inclined to pride as I review the circumstances which left me with a man's responsibilities, to enter into an unknown land, among unknown people, upon new trails, for there were no roads as we know them today. I got away at the gunshot and for five days traveled in the direction my father had taken. All the hellions of all the surrounding states had gathered for this last land grab, but I can truthfully state that there was no lawlessness. Likewise, I can gratefully state that "The Lone Kid" was accorded friendly attention and assistance by all with whom he came in contact. There was a lot of good in the bad men of those days.

I made my trip and arrived safely at Woodward. I should like to hear from any old-timer who made the Strip Run. I shall have some good stories to tell of my experiences during the two and a half years I spent in and near Woodward.—Fred E. Holdredge, 1001 Daniel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

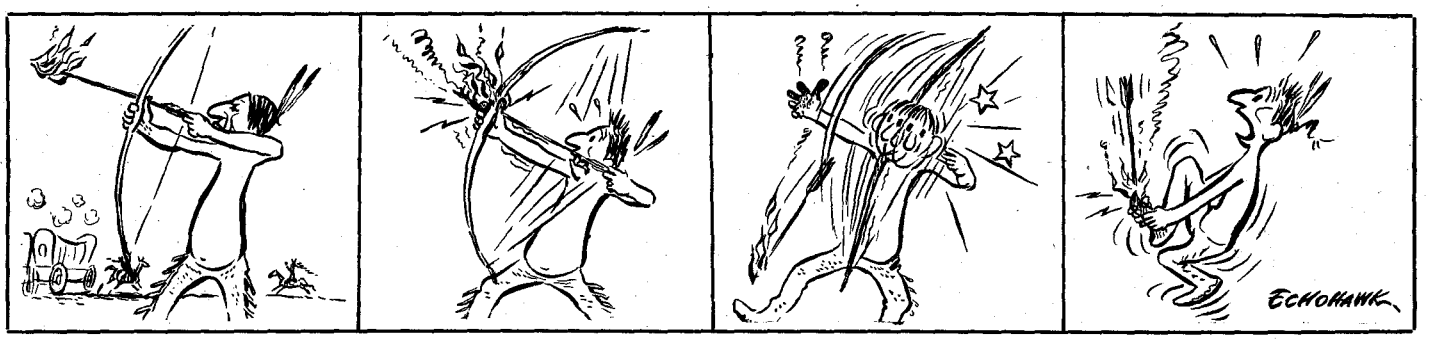
Our Readers Take Dead Aim at Kathryn Wright and A. D. Covin

Gentlemen:

Having done research on the life of James Butler Hickok for more than six years, I was very much interested in the article on "The Real Calamity Jane," by Kathryn Wright. Of special interest were the parts concerning Wild Bill.

Although Miss Wright's story is interesting and sounds convincing, there are quite a few holes in it. It seems that the same Reverend Warren mentioned in the article married Bill Hickok and Agnes Thatcher Lake in Cheyenne on March 5, 1876. Didn't he wonder what had happened to Wild Bill's former wife? Is there a record of the so-called divorce of Wild Bill and Calamity? The story often has a ring of truth, but then at times it becomes fantasy. Hickok's age on the document (Bible page) is given as 31. J. B. Hickok was born in 1837, which would make him 33 in 1870 when this marriage was supposed to have taken place. The date of Calamity's death is given as August 2, 1903 . . . I have always understood that Calamity died on August 1, 1903.

Letters from Wild Bill to his wife show that he was in love with Agnes. Is there any authentic piece of Calamity's handwriting? *Could* she write? It is said that she signed the booklet she "wrote." Could be that this diary business is just a hoax.



Incidentally, I note that a Mr. Stagg has started the controversy over again as to whether Hickok was "good" or "bad." This has led to a letter from a Mr. Covin, who says the following things: 1. "It was established many years ago Hickok had a yellow streak down his back." By whom was this fact established, Mr. Covin? Speak up, back your statements with *facts,* not gibberish. 2. "Phil Coe never carried a gun." Hogwash! That's how the whole trouble started; Coe fired a shot. Also, who is Bud Cotton, so-called eye-witness to the "murder" of Coe? 3. "Deathbed statement from Coe." Nonsense—he was in no condition to talk. 4. "Ben Thompson wanted to get Hickok." Ben Thompson had plenty of chances to "get" Hickok, but never tried. 5. "By the time Thompson got well (broken leg) Hickok went to Deadwood." Wowee! Ben must have had the longest convalescence on record. Hickok was in Abilene in 1871; he did not get to Deadwood until 1876. Looks like Ben suffered from another illness—lack of *guts!*

Mr. Covin goes on to say that Hickok shot Coe when he was not looking. Perhaps the best evidence to refute this would be to quote part of the account of the shooting which appeared in the Abilene *Chronicle* of October 12, 1781. From the *Chronicle*:

"Coe had his revolver in his hand, as had also other parties in the crowd. As

(Continued on page 42)

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Outlaw Exterminators, Inc.

BY TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

Photos from the Author

They called him "That Crazy, Murdering Ape-man!"--- those five grim lawmen on the trail of this ex-soldier gone berserk. One by one he eliminated them until finally but one barred his path . . .

I met Clay Calhoun in 1948 when he was 87 years old and arranged to do a series of articles about his life as a range detective, then as a deputy sheriff, and finally as a deputy U. S. marshal. Although Clay suffered from a liver ailment that kept him to his bed most of the time, his mind and memory were as sound as a rock. With a tape recorder in my car, I made several trips to his mountain home near Oracle, Arizona, and took down in his own words accounts of his adventures. But before I actually got around to putting these stories on paper, the tape reels were misplaced and meanwhile Calhoun died. After nine years the tapes finally turned up in one of my wife's hat boxes!

This article covers a period of Calhoun's career of which he was justifiably proud. It is told here just as it was recorded on tape in his own words. The interpolating italics are my own comments intended to clarify parts of the story that might otherwise confuse the reader—T. B.

WE were trailing the Ape, one of the most dangerous outlaws the West ever had to deal with. His real name was John Allman, a former U. S. cavalryman stationed at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, then in Arizona Territory. Allman had murdered five men in less than four months.

We'd reached a point along the trail where I thought further pursuit of our man on horseback would be dangerous. I told my four companions to dismount and secure their horses. Hardly had we time to dismount when we heard a thundering noise above us. I looked up and saw boulders as big as wash tubs bounding down the mountainside straight at us!

I yelled for everybody to take cover and ran to the protection of an overhang. But my companions were too far away to reach it in time and were caught out in the open. All they could do was to watch the boulders coming at them and try to guess which way they were going to leap.

It was a hell of a thing. Apparently one dislodged rock had started all the rest and we had a small avalanche.

When it was all over and quiet fell, we heard from off the mountain above us one of the weirdest cries you could imagine. It was something like the howl of a timber wolf, only at the end there was a shrill, cackling laugh.

"It's him!" Dick Hunter yelled. "It's that crazy, murdering Ape-man!"

I started looking for my rifle and then I realized we were in real trouble. Ben Slack and Deputy Sheriff Floyd Davis were down. My horse was down and dying from a broken neck. Another horse had been so severely injured in the hindquarters that we later had to destroy it.

A quick examination showed that Slack had a fractured pelvis and Davis a busted leg.

That avalanche of rocks had been a phenomenon that could happen to a man maybe once in a lifetime, and it is likely that it wouldn't have happened at all if Allman had had any ammunition for his rifle. He'd have been busy shooting at us instead of rolling stones. We were in the right place at the right time, and he was in just the right spot at the proper time to kick down one rock that started all the rest, so that before we knew what was happening all hell broke loose. Those boulders were just sitting there for God knows how many thousands of years waiting for someone to start them rolling. No wonder the Ape gave us a big horse-laugh. He likely couldn't have done as much damage with his rifle. They said he was a born killer at heart, and I reckon he was at that.

He'd been out of ammunition for several days, that we knew for sure; yet I'd decided not to follow him in that rough country on horseback because we'd be sitting ducks for that rifle of his, just in case he had saved a cartridge or two. Although he'd stashed stolen rifles in several hideouts, or was supposed to have anyway, keeping himself supplied with cartridges was something else again. He could buy them only at the trading posts, or take them away from settlers who had them, but we'd pushed him so hard for the two weary weeks we'd been on his trail that he'd had no time to do anything but make tracks, and sometimes not many of them either. He outfoxed us several times by taking off his shoes and stepping or leaping from rock to rock like a catamount.

He was called the Ape because he looked like one. He had the most hair on his body of any man I ever saw, like the good Lord had intended him for an ape but somehow got His chemicals mixed up, or the fathers mixed up, I don't know which, and out came a man instead.

LET'S see now, I've mentioned Davis, Slack, and Hunter. The other member of our select group was Fred Beeber, formerly of Dodge City, Kansas. Hunter was a rider for the big Hashknife Outfit of Arizona. He, Beeber, and I had somehow escaped being hurt by the avalanche and that was a miracle. How any of us happened to get through it alive still puzzles me. One rock came so close to hitting Hunter in the head that for weeks afterward he ducked every time his horse disturbed a rock. He kept feeling it go by, he said.

Our five-man crew was so badly bunged up that further pursuit of the Ape was out of the question. We had to get Slack and Davis to a doctor and we were two horses short.

It was a terrible defeat for us and a most humiliating one, too. We were known as Outlaw Exterminators, Inc. We were not actually incorporated, you understand. In those days few outfits like the Hashknife, or even business places, were incorporated in Arizona Territory. People in the east were incorporating every time a state passed such a measure, but out west nobody knew how to set up a corporation let alone run one. It must have been some smart aleck from the east who tacked that "inc." onto us, and it stuck like *cholla* burrs to the seat of your pants. We didn't take the name "Outlaw Exterminators." It was wished on us by Ben Waite, a newspaper reporter for several territorial papers. He later worked for the *Rocky Mountain News*.

Slack, Davis, and I were the original Outlaw Exterminators. We'd bagged two red-hot killers before Beeber and Hunter came in. Then, with them in, we took two more that same year.

But it had begun to look like the Ape had tied a knot in our tail. Temporarily, anyway.

Allman's killing spree was set off by a poker game at the cavalry barracks in Prescott. A cavalryman himself from

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down Tennessee way, he was a cantankerous, ornery cuss nobody liked. A row broke out over a pot and Allman shot two of his comrades dead. Both were sergeants, I remember, but I don't recall their names.

Backing out of the room with a .44 in his fist, Allman jumped on a horse and got away.

The two killed, old records disclose, were Sergeants Wainwright and Trout. No initials appear on the report, which was filed July 1, 1887.

A detachment of cavalry as well as a civilian posse took Allman's trail, but the two outfits split up. The posse headed by Tom Swazey got into a row among themselves over leadership and all but four went home. The four remaining with Swazey helped him trail Allman into the Santa Maria Mountains where he waylaid them and killed two. That ended the posse hunt. The cavalry detail also quit after a few days.

Frequently Calhoun could recall names from 60 years back, but in this instance he didn't. The Territorial Enterprise listed the two killed by Allman as Bill Epps and Dave Groat. Swazey, the leader, later owned a hotel in Tucson and was a frequent visitor at Calhoun's mountain home. Both were personal friends of Buffalo Bill.

THREE or four days later Allman came upon two woodchoppers who recognized him. One started for his rifle leaning against a tree and was shot dead. I don't recall their names because I never knew them personally. But you can check it. It happened in August of 1887.

Not one but both woodchoppers were killed by Allman, according to Reporter Waite's account of it. It was one of the few discrepancies in Calhoun's story. The slain men were Jeff Saunders and Charles Dennison.

Two weeks later Allman turned up far away from there. He walked into a saloon at Yuma to rob it and get himself a few bottles of whiskey. The bartender, Vince Dundee, reached for a gun under the bar and Allman killed him. He took all the money from the cash box and all the whiskey he could carry and got away on an Indian's horse.

Vince was a good friend of mine. We'd rode range together back in '81. I made up my mind as soon as I heard about it, that I'd get Allman if it took me a whole year. I wanted to meet him face to face, just the two of us all alone some place, and, as things turned out, that was the way it was to be.

A month after he'd killed Vince, Allman was back in northern Arizona. Crazy? Of course he was crazy for coming back. They all said he was crazy, but like a fox. It was the liquor that made him a killer. Liquor and women. They were his downfall. I was never much of a drinker myself so I wouldn't know how it harms some men. I reckon I know more about women, though not as much as I should.

Calhoun was married four times and had two daughters and four sons living at the time this narrative was recorded.

By then they were calling Allman the Ape. Who started it I never knew. Anyhow, it fit him like a glove. He came the nearest to being an ape of any man I ever saw, and I reckon Darwin knew what he was talking about. Maybe Allman was a throwback.

Anyway, Deputy Sheriff Ed Roberts was making his rounds one night in Williams and recognized Allman sitting in a saloon playing cards. The fact Allman had nerve enough to sit down in a poker game where he could be recognized shows that he wasn't all right in the head. Or maybe he just didn't care and figured he'd get it sooner or later anyway.

Roberts stepped into the saloon and started to walk up behind Allman. But Allman was sitting facing the bar mirror and could see the door. He whirled suddenly with a .44 in his fist and killed the deputy before he could draw. That was his fifth kill.

It really was Allman's sixth kill, according to Waite's account. Apparently Calhoun wasn't aware that both woodchoppers instead of just one had fallen before Allman's guns. According to Waite's version of the shooting in the saloon, Allman got up from the table, grinned at the bartender, then bowed to the players and said, "So long, you bastards. I'll see you in hell!" It was then that Outlaw Exterminators, Inc., were called in. "Take him," said the sheriff of Coconino County to Calhoun. "You can have him."

Clay Calhoun

WITH Davis and Slack under a doctor's care, Hunter, Beeber, and I lit out on the back trail, hoping to stop the Ape before he raped any more ranch women or killed anyone else. We'd pushed him so hard that I knew he'd strike at the first opportunity because he was hungry and out of ammunition.

And that he did. He'd followed us south from the old cliff dwellings, which were not far from where he'd sent a rock avalanche down on us and murdered a sheepherder for his food, gun, and ammunition. The victim was a young man named Dowling if my memory serves me correctly. Only Dowling's dog had escaped, and it was so frightened no one could approach it. Finally Dowling's sister caught it. Allman also had taken the sheepherder's horse.

Calhoun's memory served him well in this instance. According to the Enterprise, the murdered sheepherder's name was Thomas J. Dowling.

Like Hunter said, it was easier for an outlaw to kill innocent people than it was for innocent people to kill outlaws. We'd been operating much longer than Allman, and already his score was higher than ours; in other words, one outlaw was killing off citizens faster than we were killing outlaws. In those days there were a lot of bad men, more than most people of today ever heard of. They'd spring up one week and be dead the next. But Allman seemed able to outlast them all, and we were still due for another setback as you will see.

But let me say something here about Outlaw Exterminators, Inc. We were seldom if ever called in so long as local authorities could handle a situation. Any lawbreaker who'd surrender without a fight once he was backed up to a wall concerned us not at all. We were specialists, called in only when an outlaw backed himself into the mountains and said all right, boys, come and get me. Between calls each of us followed his own line of work. I'd been working for the cattlemen, helping rid the range of rustlers, and now I was a regular deputy under Sheriff Ullman, one of the most capable lawmen I ever knew. As an outlaw exterminator I was free to go anywhere at any time we were needed.

Fred Beeber was a bartender in Winslow who took time off in an emergency. He didn't get paid for hunting outlaws. None of us did, except Davis and I drew our regular salaries as peace officers. The other three were on their own time.

In Dodge City, Beeber had cut quite a swath. He was one of the very few who stood for no horsing around by Marshal Wild Bill Hickok. In Dodge, he came and went as he pleased. But eventually Dodge had grown too tame for him and he'd drifted out to Arizona. He was lightning-fast with a gun.

Floyd Davis was a fellow deputy sheriff of Navajo County. Let me say that he was clever with a gun and mighty dependable in a pinch.

Ben Slack was a rancher who'd rather hunt bandits than eat. He was always on hand at the first alarm, rarin' to go.

Dick Hunter rode with the old Hashknife Outfit, as I said, and could always get off when trouble was brewing. He and Ben Slack were the only two men I ever knew who loved trouble more than their regular occupations. By that I don't mean the kind of mischief a man can get into himself, but the kind of trouble that develops quickly when a killer's on the loose. He was particularly good with a Winchester rifle.

Calhoun at this point made no mention of his own reputation as a gunfighter. In Winslow and Holbrook the old-timers rated him at the top of the heap. With their individual abilities combined, there can be no doubt but that Outlaw Exterminators, Inc., was one of the deadliest groups of men on the side of the law ever to slap holster leather. No outlaw with guts enough to stand up against them ever survived for more than a few days, with one exception, of course, and that was the Ape. He was the only killer who gave them any serious trouble.

ALLMAN had replenished his ammunition supply when he killed Dowling so we knew we'd have to be very careful that he didn't lay for us behind a rock somewhere and drygulch us.

We cut his trail again two days later where he'd raided Jim Prengle's sheep camp and carried off thirteen-year-old Ida Prengle. He'd also taken one of

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Prengle's best horses and almost a box of cartridges for his Winchester 73.

A half-dozen sheepherders had taken the trail but lost it in the rocks. Prengle claimed that along the route of the Ape's flight little Ida had dropped pieces of cloth torn from her underskirt. But the trail markers finally played out, when her underskirt was gone, I reckon, and they'd given up.

Hunter had no trouble finding the trail, and we followed Allman and the girl back toward the old cliff dwellings where the Ape had several hide-outs that he used when he wasn't being pushed too hard. But I thought he might want privacy now that he'd captured a young girl, and in that case he'd look for some place we didn't know about. He liked his women young, the Ape did.

Ida Prengle was a pretty kid as young girls went in those days. I'd known the Prengles three years and had sort of watched her grow up. She had a nice figure, and she was highly religious, too. To think of a man like Allman ruining her for life and mistreating her as he did all his women made my blood boil. I was more anxious than ever now to meet up with him, and quick. Trailing him in that rocky country was disgustingly slow, so we didn't waste a minute of daylight. We felt there was something more at stake than just knocking off a killer.

Hunter was an excellent tracker, even in that rocky country where a lot of Apache guides would have given up. He'd been captured by the Comanches when he was just a kid—eight years old, I believe—and during the three years he'd been a captive he'd learned the Comanche art of tracking. He could read sign you wouldn't suspect was there.

On the second morning I saw a flash of white and misread it for an antelope flicking its tail at us.

That flash of white was Ida Prengle's bare skin. She was stark naked and when she saw us she ran into the brush, quite a natural thing for a girl to do, especially at thirteen when modesty becomes a virtue. To be caught out like that without a stitch of clothing on—well, I'd run too, I reckon. It's a human impulse.

We finally talked her out of the brush. I hauled out my spare shirt and had her put it on. I fastened it good at the bottom so it wouldn't be blowing open all the time. After that she talked.

She'd escaped from Allman that morning. He'd slept on her dress and things so she wouldn't run off during the night, but he hadn't figured on the kid's courage. She'd taken off at break of day barefooted and bare naked. Her feet had been cut so badly in the rocks they were beef raw.

She wouldn't tell us much of what had happened while she was with Allman and I couldn't blame her for that. It must have been pretty terrible to a kid of her age.

From what she did tell us, I thought I knew where Allman's hide-out was located, so we took off immediately, Beeber and I, leaving Hunter to take Ida back to the sheep camp.

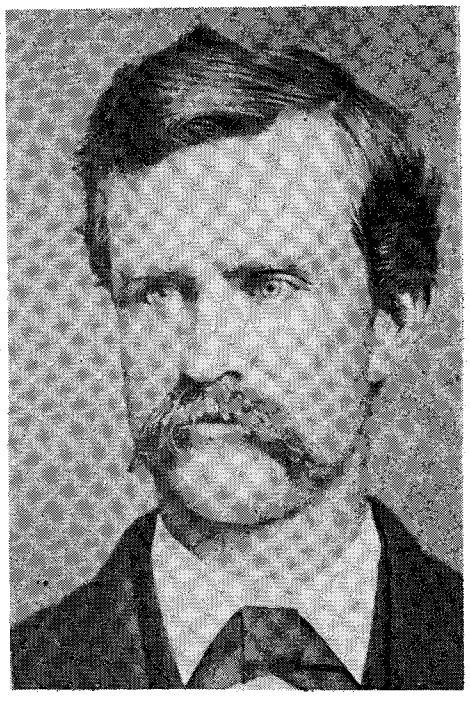
We should have realized that Allman would take the girl's trail the moment he woke up and found her gone. But you don't think of everything, always. We were so anxious to overtake him that it didn't occur to me that he'd try to recapture the girl. I figured he'd consider it too risky to turn back, but that's where I was wrong.

BEEBER was riding ahead of me, and suddenly a bullet kicked up dust at my horse's feet. I yelled for Fred to take cover and dove headlong into the protection of a rock just as another bullet splattered on the rock in front of my face.

I had a pair of cavalry field glasses on me, and I swept the foreground with them while Beeber watched for a chance shot. The Ape was a hit-and-run fighter. He'd shoot first and then get away fast.

Suddenly I picked up a movement. Concentrating the glasses on it I saw Allman for a moment or two as on hands and knees he crossed a little open patch of ground, making his way toward better cover.

"He's going out," I told Beeber, trying to keep the glasses on him. I kept telling Beeber where to look and then before I realized it our man had slipped out of sight. Had I grabbed my own rifle instead of trying to direct Beeber's attention to him, I likely would have nailed him. I was so mad at myself I could have bit a nail in two.



Dick Hunter

I handed the glasses to Beeber and told him to keep a sharp lookout, and to fire every time he saw something move. In that way he would keep the Ape pinned down until I could cut him off from crossing the ridge. It was a chance I had to take to prevent his escape.

I cut over to the end of the ridge, keeping down out of sight, and when I was about half way there I heard two shots from off to my left, which I knew were from Beeber's .66 carbine, and then a shot from out in front, which had been fired by Allman. I could distinguish the crack of that Winchester 73 of his from any other gun. It was a twin to my own.

I heard no more shots. Since the Ape had fired last, indicating that he was still on his feet, I began to worry.

I spent the next ten minutes wriggling forward, at the same time keeping my eye on the ridge. I figured that Allman was still pinned down, otherwise I'd have seen him crossing the ridge. But a man can sometimes figure wrong. I did.

Finally I was within forty feet of where I'd seen him crossing the little open piece of ground and then I began worrying all over again. If Beeber caught sight of me he might mistake the movement for Allman and fire.

I was wearing an old Army campaign hat, which I knew he would recognize the moment he saw it. I put it on the end of my rifle and held it up as high as I could without exposing my body.

"He's gone out," I heard Beeber say. Allman had gone out while I was out of sight over the hill. Beeber told me that the Ape had been gone for twenty minutes. And then he said, "You'd better get over here, Clay. I've been hit."

I'd been afraid of that. I ran over to him. He was pressing his left hand against his right shoulder, and the blood was dripping from between his fingers. When the Ape ran, Beeber had seen him plain as day, but his arm was paralyzed and he couldn't get his rifle to his shoulder.

Beeber wanted me to go after Allman then and let him go back to the sheep camp alone. But I couldn't do it. It was fifty miles back to the camp and alone he'd never make it, I feared. He was losing too much blood.

I bound up his shoulder as best I could, using the cleanest part of my shirt, and we went back, traveling most of the time by moonlight. We arrived at the sheep camp around four in the morning and rested for a while. Hunter was not there. They told us he'd started back the evening before, so we'd missed him along the way.

AFTER Mrs. Prengle made us some black coffee and fried some mutton chops we lit out for Holbrook. Prengle already had taken Ida into Holbrook to see a doctor. From what Mrs. Prengle told us, she had suffered greatly at Allman's hands. He was a beast of a man, really like an ape. He'd told her he'd die before giving himself up.

I'll never forget the look that came over the faces of our friends when we rode back into Holbrook. Three of our outfit were now laid up, all by the Ape. Up to the time we'd taken his trail, none of us had received so much as a scratch in our encounters with the other four killers. The boys were saying that the Outlaw Exterminators were about to be exterminated and it sure looked that way all right. It was a most humiliating situation to be in, with our reputations at stake.

Beeber's wound was showing some signs of gangrene by the time I got him to the doc. Being in the shoulder, you couldn't amputate a shoulder like you could an arm or a leg. If the doc couldn't catch it in time, Fred was a goner. But he insisted that I hit the back trail. I couldn't do him any good by staying, he said, and Hunter might need me. He thought I'd find Hunter at the sheep camp. But I knew better. If he struck the Ape's trail he would go it alone, and I wanted in the worst way to be with him. I wanted Allman myself. I'm not saying that to make myself appear a brave man. I really did want him myself. I'd feel better about Vince and about little Ida if I finished him off. I felt that I had a personal score to settle.

As I got ready to take off, five or six men I knew came over and offered to form a posse. I pointed out to them that any more than two men riding in the desert would be a handicap because Allman had the eyes of an eagle. Many

(Continued on page 34)

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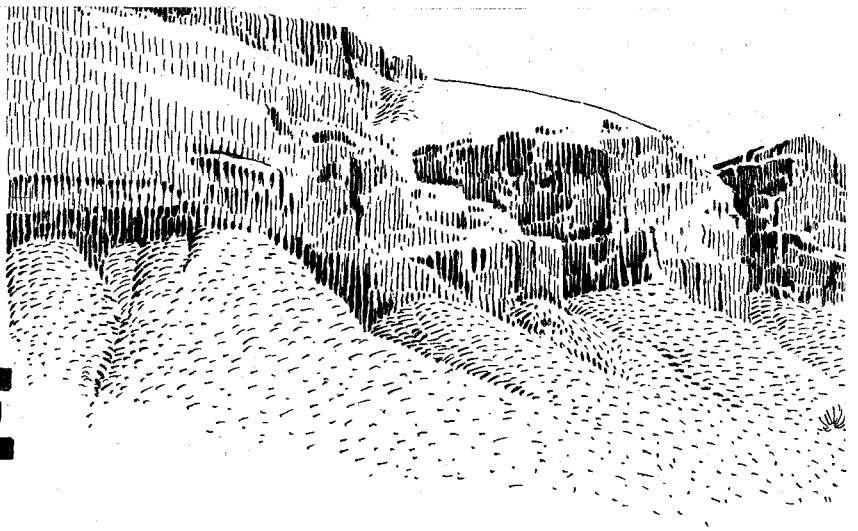

THE LOST APACHE MINE

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

For seventy years the Lost Apache Mine has haunted the dreams of eager searchers. One man believes that he has found it. Here's his story

HAVE you heard about the Lost Apache Mine? To some it's a myth—a collection of frontier tales and vague memories about a lost gold mine valuable beyond the dreams of man. To others it's a reality, based on sworn stories of actual happenings and on a tangible sample of gold. In *Coronado's Children,* published in 1930, I told all I knew about it under title of "The Lost Nigger Mine." Men had then been searching for it for forty years. They have continued to search for it. They will be searching for it tomorrow. Meanwhile, the strange tales of the Lost Apache Mine go on weaving themselves out of hope, faith, imagination—and the sample of gold.

This is how it all began:

During the 1880's four brothers named Reagan, ranching in the Big Bend country of Texas—with little regard for the Mexican boundary—had a camp at the mouth of Reagan Canyon, named after them, which runs into the Rio Grande. One of their cowboys was a Seminole—part Indian and part Negro—named Bill Kelley. He had come from the Seminole settlement in Coahuila, Mexico, 100 miles away. He spoke some English, was young, shy, and had a reputation as a "loner."

One day in 1887 Seminole Bill Kelley rode back to camp after a horse hunt looking wildly elated. He hadn't found any horses, but he jubilantly exhibited some peculiar looking rocks he had brought back in his morral. He told Lee Reagan that he had found a gold mine and he wanted to take his samples into town immediately.

"Blast you," the boss snorted, "we're paying you to hunt horses, not rocks." Seminole Bill didn't press the matter.

But a few days later the Reagans were shipping cattle from Dryden, a small station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and Bill jumped on the freight train for San Antonio. He had a friend there, a railroad conductor who was interested in prospecting and was always looking for precious minerals. Bill Kelley didn't find the conductor, Lock Campbell by name—but he left a sample of the ore for him. Campbell had it assayed; it ran about $80,000 to the ton! By the time Campbell got the report and tried to get in touch with the only man who knew where the sample came from, Seminole Bill Kelley had disappeared. He hasn't been heard of since.

FOR years Campbell grubstaked one prospector after another. The Reagans, too, became more interested in the lost gold mine than they had been even in horses or cattle. They searched until, one by one, they died without ever getting a lead on the treasure. Other men, hearing the story, took up the search—some of them looking on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, some on the Mexican side. There are tales told around Texas campfires of men who found the mine only to lose their lives before they could stake a claim. Through the years the legend of the Lost Apache Mine has grown until today the mine looms as a treasure-filled never-never land—always there, beckoning searchers onward, but always just out of reach.

In 1953, Dr. Daniel B. McCall, a chiropractor of San Saba, Texas, came to see me. He said that after keeping information to himself for more than 30 years he had staked out his mining claims according to law and was ready to tell what he knew about the Lost Apache Mine. This is his story:

In October of 1924, a "Mexican-looking" man came into McCall's office on South Alamo Street in San Antonio. At that time McCall was 35 years old; the visitor, as he later learned, was 67. The stranger spoke English fairly well, but upon being asked what he wanted, said he was deaf. He read English, and anybody who wanted to communicate with him had to write on paper. He gave his name as Solito Gonzales. Solito stood nearly six feet tall, weighed about 160 pounds, and was as swart as a Moor, his coarse black hair tinged with grey. He had enormous ears, a very large cranium, and the features of a Western Indian. He had no children or other kin and was doing rough labor, irregularly, about town.

Solito told McCall that about 40 years back he had been thrown from a horse, hitting his head on a stump, and had been deaf ever since. He asked to be treated as a charity patient. He wanted to hear music more than he wanted to hear voices. McCall and his partner, Dr. Swanger, agreed to treat him for charity's sake. Within a month his hearing had so improved that he could hear music. He was very happy and said that he was going to Austin to visit some friends to hear them talk, for he had never heard their voices.

FOR about two months nothing was heard or seen of Solito. Then on a January morning in 1925, Dr. McCall arrived at his office to find the Indian squatting near the door.

"You and Dr. Swanger have brought music and voices to my ears," he said, rising. "I owe you much. I have come to pay."

We know you have no means," McCall replied. "Your gratitude has paid everything."

"You do not understand," Solito answered. His usually composed features had turned into savage fierceness, and

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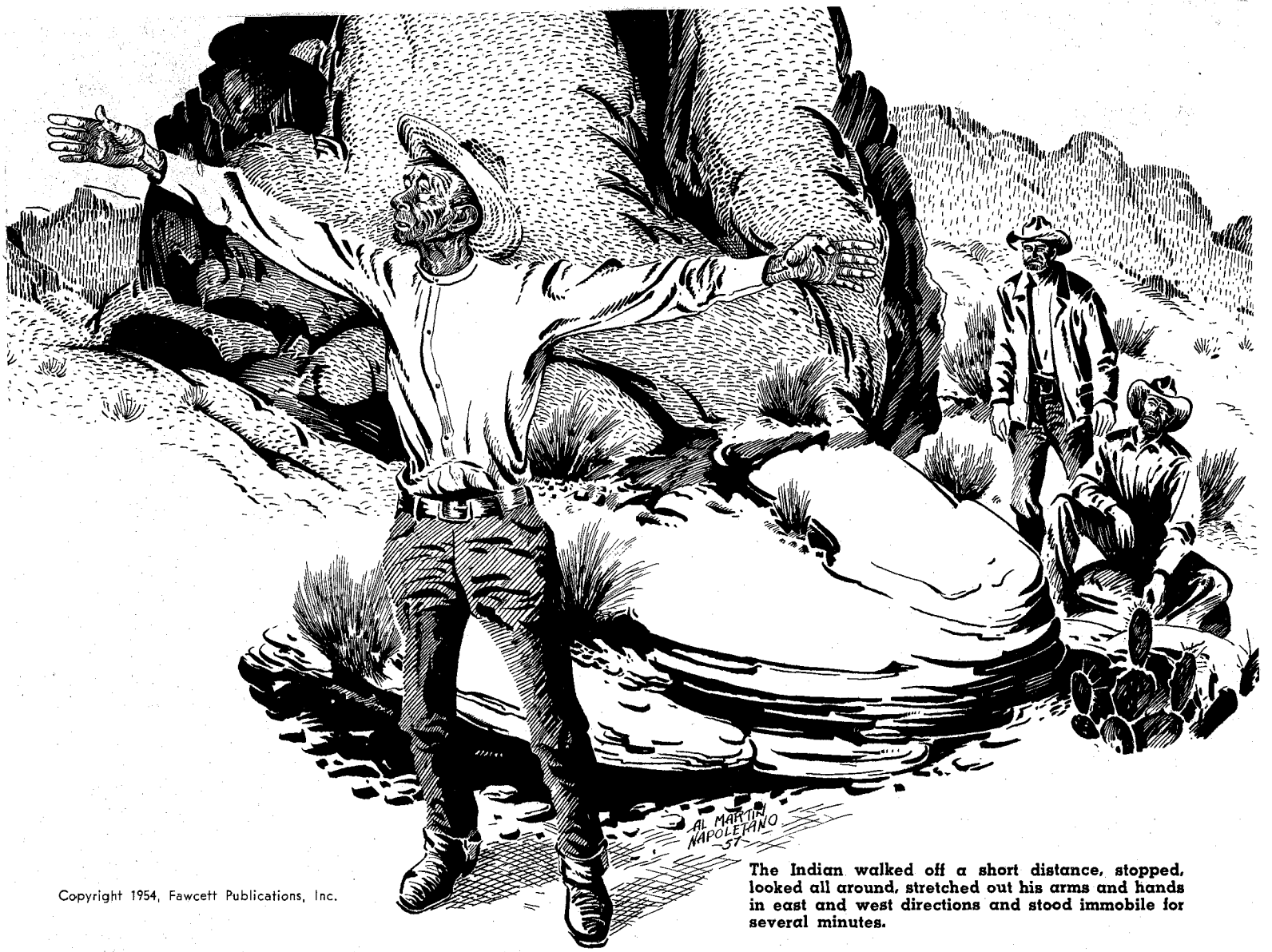

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The Indian walked off a short distance, stopped, looked all around, stretched out his arms and hands in east and west directions and stood immobile for several minutes.

his voice had a quality that made McCall's backbone grow cold.

Solito pointed to a wide, heavy, crudely hammered-out ring of gold on his finger. "I have no money," Solito said, "but I know where there is plenty of this—yes, plenty;" and he swept his hands out as if to encompass a mountain.

McCall saw that Solito had something to tell. He composed himself to listen to the Indian's story.

"Listen. I tell you straight," began Solito. "My father, he was Apache. My mother, she was Mexican. Before I am born she leave my father and go to Austin. When I am nine years old, my mother give me to Lieutenant Bullis. I go with him to Fort Stockton. Then one night Apaches attack. Many people in stockade are massacred. But Apaches see that I am Indian boy. I am carried away on horseback to camp close to Rio Grande, in what you call Texas Big Bend. Camp is by Maravillas Creek.

"I grow up in Apache village. The chief is Old Wolf. He is always kind to me.

"Old Wolf tells every one of us—women and children the same as fighting men—never, never to show gold in hill near Maravillas Creek to white man. When we are by ourselves one day he tells me, 'When you are 60 years old and need help maybe you will find a white man to trust. Tell him.'

"One day Old Wolf took me and about 20 men to the gold place. He told one to make me this ring. He hammered it out *crudo* after we get back to camp. We gathered only the best pieces of this *metal de oro*. Old Wolf and I put maybe 12 pounds under a flat rock near the Maravillas Springs. That night Apaches carried *metal de oro* across the Rio Grande into Mexico and walked to rocks that stand up like teeth. There they left the metal. Old Wolf said, 'White man always rides. He will not see metal in sharp rocks.' No horse can walk in those rocks.

"Now I am 18 years old. I have been with the Apaches nine years. Very soon after we hide the metal Old Wolf and the other chiefs say we must all put our bows and arrows and guns down and give up to white men. Tribe must leave the Maravillas. All day and all night I hear that crying, night and day, day and night."

HERE Solito stopped talking for a considerable while. All fierceness had gone out of his features and voice. Skipping the last 49 years of his life, he said simply, "The place of that gold is more plain to me than this Alamo Street. You take me to the Maravillas and I will show you where it is."

On the trip he proposed, Solito did not want anybody but Dr. McCall. However, he reluctantly consented to allow Tom McCall, a cousin of the chiropractor's, to go. They outfitted Tom's new Model-T Ford and struck out the third week in January. They camped the first night on Devil's River. The next day they turned off the unpaved highway at Marathon and headed South. Going was very slow. The third night out from San Antonio found them at Black Gap, where they heard that deer hunters had recently driven a car down the Maravillas. Following the tracks, they reached the mouth of the canyon that evening and came to the only water available after leaving Black Gap. The Maravillas Springs are right on the edge of the Rio Grande. While making camp, Dr. McCall spied a 14-inch iron skillet with lid, stuck back in some brush. The hunters had probably decided that it was too cumbersome to carry in the venison-loaded car.

The next morning, the eighth day of January, Solito spoke hardly a word. He ate almost no breakfast. He had explained that while Maravillas Springs was a main camping ground for the Apaches, the source of their gold was farther on, at a hill between a little spring and canyon.

After the two McCall men had eaten, the Indian walked off a short distance, stopped, looked all around, stretched out his arms and hands in east and west directions, and stood immobile for several minutes. He seemed to be gazing into the infinity of both time and space. Presently, still keeping his hands stretched out and still looking far away, he began quartering himself around, making adjustments in the way he was pointing.

(Continued on page 30)

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Rounding up and train-shipping a bunch of wild buffaloes isn't the sort of job a man wants to take on before breakfast

Present day bison grazing in the Montana basin.

BY MABEL C. OLSON

Photos Courtesy McKay Art and Canadian Department of Resources & Development

DYNAMITE

LOADING into boxcars living dynamite in the form of American buffaloes—that was the job that threatened to buffalo top cowhands of Northern Montana in the early 1900's.

Thirty-five of the best cowhands in the Jocko Valley recklessly spurred their horses, whipping the brisk autumn air with their hats, in an effort to start the Pablo-Allard herd from their canyon haunts and head them toward the little railway station at Ronan, where a string of "Buffalo Pullmans" awaited them.

"Hi-*ya!* Git along there! *Move!*"

Move the great shaggy beasts did, tails in air, humps rising and falling in the lumbering gallop that outdistanced the best of horses. And cowboys *had* the best of horses in what was once Indian country and cow country, in this region where the wiry ancestors of these ponies had raced neck and neck with buffaloes in the Flathead tribe's semi-annual trek to the plains for meat.

Now and again, as the drive continued, horse and buffalo bull ran so close together that the rider could see the gleam of the baleful eyes and the red tongue lolling from the desperate race.

A line of flying young buffaloes plunged wildly into the open, heads down, horns tossing, as they dashed madly ahead. Less precipitous were the cows, some with calves of three seasons keeping close to their mothers, the spring batch still sporting brick red coats.

The Pablo-Allard herd was many miles to the northwest of the Missouri River plains that was the early home of the buffalo. There's a story explaining the beginning of the herd, or rather two stories—you can take your pick. People living in the Jocko Valley like this one:

Walking Coyote, a Pend d'Oreille Indian, was traveling eastward in the spring of 1873 when he came upon four stray calves from wild herds on the Milk River. He lassoed the calves, two males and two heifers, and brought them to the Jesuit Mission at St. Ignatius. There they were kept until 1884, when they had increased to 13 head. Their Indian owner then sold them to Charles A. Allard and Michel Pablo, reservation ranchers, for $250 each.

According to the second story, four calves were brought back in 1876 from central Montana with a Flathead hunting party by a 15-year-old Indian boy named Hawk Blanket. The calves' mothers had been killed, and he did not like to leave them to starve or fall prey to wolves. Sometimes the boy and the little buffaloes were far behind, and there was much debate among the party as to whether he should be permitted to keep his charges. All were scared that enemy tribesmen might come upon them—they were nearing Blackfoot country. When they came to the land of the Flatheads, the boy's step-father, Broken Leg, claimed the calves. He kept them until they increased to a herd of 50, then sold them to Allard and Pablo.

WHEN Allard died in 1896, the herd numbered 300, and was equally divided between Pablo and the Allard estate. Charley Allard, the son of the original partner in the herd, took up his father's interest in them.

No matter which story of the herd's origin was the right one, under Pablo and the two Allards the buffalo led a free and easy life in the gulleys of the Flathead Valley, where grass was plentiful, winters mild, and no man troubled them.

But in 1905, the Flathead country was opened to white settlers. Homesteaders did not take kindly to depredations by the beasts, who broke down fences and played havoc with grain fields. Pablo and Allard knew the herd must go.

Backed by Senator Joseph M. Dixon, Pablo used all his efforts to influence the United States government to buy the herd and establish a refuge for them,

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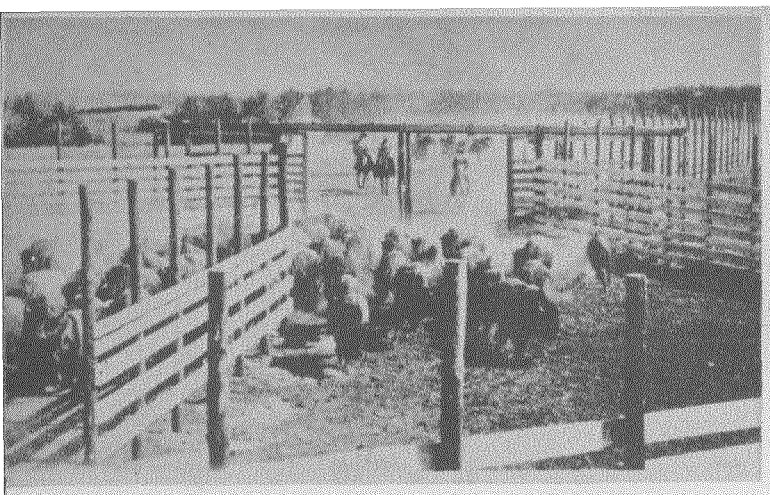

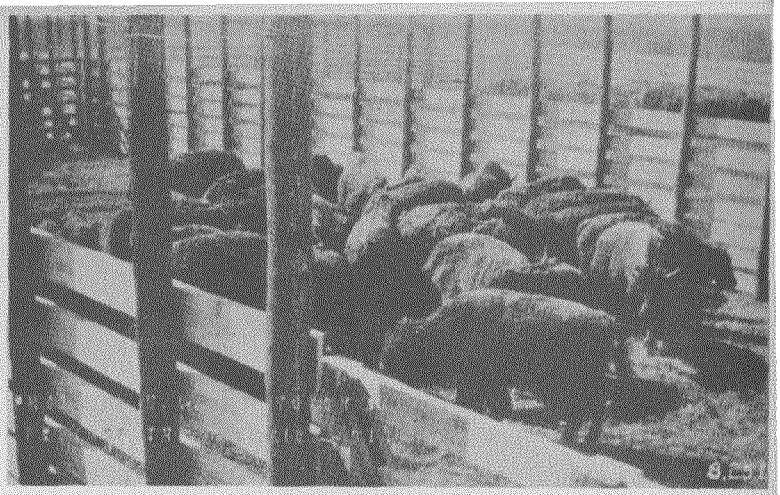

The end of the trail is reached as the buffalo are being driven into corrals at Wainwright Park in Canada, their new home.

but without success. In 1906, the Canadian government bought the bison, spending between $150,000 and $200,000 to buy and ship them to Wainwright National Park, 150 miles west of Edmonton, from Ravalli. The park includes 100,000 acres. The price was the same as Walking Coyote received—$250 a head.

Agent Ayotte, who conducted the purchase, met Superintendent Douglas of Wainwright National Park, and they went to the reservation to supervise the loading of the buffalo. Specially reinforced boxcars were ordered and connected with the corral by chutes. Large crowds from Missoula and all over the valley watched the spectacle, whose like had never been seen by man before. Now and again, they were wildly scattered from their fence perches by a straying bull.

Wild as the roundup was, getting the beasts into the corral built around the loading ramp and the boxcars was not the end of the struggle. More hard-fought yet was the turning of the thoroughly enraged lords of the plains into the chute and onto the ramp.

As the riders pressed the buffalo along the fence and forced them through a gate into the corral, two of the animals collided with a resounding "thump!" Two others, among the finest in the lot, were killed in the loading. One, the largest bull of the drive, ran against the car into which he was driven. He struck with such force that he broke his neck and died at once. The other, also a big bull, after a pell-mell race, dropped dead in his tracks.

Their pursuers did not get through the roundup without a near tragedy. A cowboy named LaRue was pinned with his horse against the chute by a buffalo which wheeled back sharply, on the point of climbing the planks to the car. Another rider pulled him free, but he was badly mangled and out of the roundup for good.

Finally 311 animals were loaded, 30 or so to each of the steel-ribbed boxcars, and were on their bawling way to Wainwright National Park, not half of the herd. Shipment, expected to be completed in 1906, dragged over into the next year, with the biggest and wiliest of the herd escaping into the canyons and pine-fringed ridges.

IN March, Pablo and Allard again had the best riding talent on the range on the job. Skill was needed—skill and plain, unadulterated guts.

One rider ran one of the biggest bulls so close a race that his horse, drawing whistling breaths, reared back in terror. The buffalo was blown too, his huge tongue hanging out and breath steaming. But he took on a burst of speed that seemed impossible after that long pell-mell run, side-stepped as neatly as a quarter-horse, and dashed for a steep ridge. The herd plunged after him, taking the almost straight-up pitch as easily as the river-level plains.

That bull and his galloping followers made plenty of trouble that morning. After dashing at a tangent from the cowboy, Steve, they dropped down off the ridge to the valley where fences were already being raised by homesteaders. Crashing through John Wightman's orchard fence as though it was made of so many match-sticks, the stampeding buffaloes laid low in minutes posts it had taken weeks to saw and set up.

The big fighting leader took fence, trees, and landscape with him. Then he plunged over to the railroad track and planted himself defiantly in front of a freight train, which was forced to halt until riders could remove him by tempting him to charge.

That spring, the roundup saw many such setbacks, and the number of boxcars loaded were few. On September 4, Michel Pablo was in Missoula preparing for what he hoped would be the final shipment to Canada.

"There will be more trouble with the buffaloes this time than there was before," he warned the riders. "All the outlaws will be in this lot, as they ran away when the others were rounded up and they were too far off to chase. This time they'll have to go, and there will be long hard runs after them. I'd calculate there will be 300 of the big ones and a lot of calves."

Pablo knew his buffaloes. The roundup was slow and unsatisfactory, and loading the last of the herd was postponed again and again. Three unsuccessful tries were made to add to the 70 animals in the Pablo corral at Mud Creek. A lot of hard riding by the best hands on the reservation, on the best mounts to be had, failed to hold the buffaloes from bolting through the tightening line of riders. Each time they hazed the buffaloes close to the chute, the shaggy beasts dodged free.

After the third attempt to herd them into the corral, Mrs. Bill Irwin, wife of a big sheepman in the Warm Springs country, mounted her horse and drove in one of the toughest and biggest of the bulls as easily as if he were a milch cow!

That did it! Swallowing as best they could the merciless ribbing they took because of Emma Irwin's success, the riders started to get the herd together.

On October 6, Allard and Pablo drove in 60 head from Mud Creek, making the total shipment a little more than 200.

In all, 398 buffaloes were shipped in 1907 and the spring of 1908. The roundup had stretched over three years. Records show that a total of 709 were received by the Canadian Government. This was not the entire herd; officials in charge of moving the buffaloes were forced to abandon some of the older, fiercer ones.

AN interesting sidelight is that the American Bison Society, organized to save for the United States a remnant of the thundering herds that once roamed the prairies, came into being one year too late to prevent the sale and removal to Canada of the large Pablo-Allard herd.

In March of 1908, at the Society's request, Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana introduced a bill for $30,000 to be set aside for the purchase of 12,000 acres of ridges and hills as grazing land along the Flathead River, for a permanent buffalo range. The bill carried a provision of $10,000 for fencing. The Society agreed to purchase the buffaloes.

The bill passed, largely through Senator Dixon's efforts. Today, visitors may

(Continued on page 33)

ON HOOFS!

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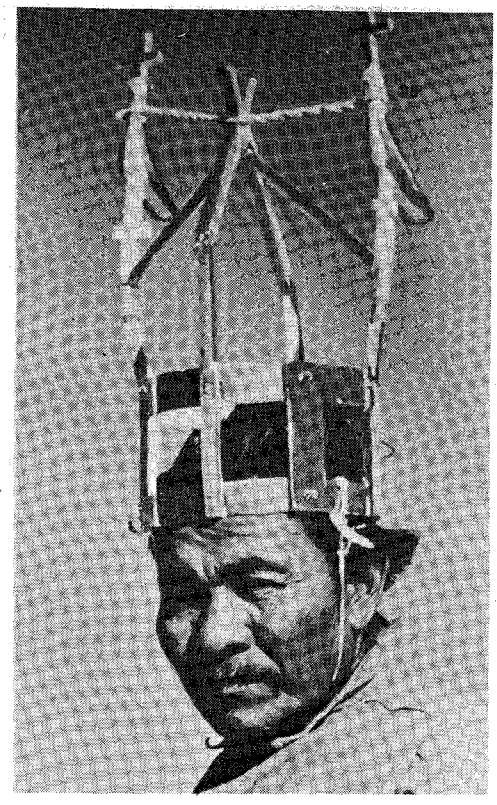

Left: A Seri hunter shows off his bow and arrow. Note the apron the Seris effect. Above: A Seri belle shows off her make-up. Face paint is considered attractive and both sexes wear it. Right: Seri medicine man.

In this fast-moving era of rockets, satellites, and 1000-mile-an-hour jet planes, it is fascinating and curiously reassuring to know that there are people infinitely remote from the bewildering modern world. They are

THE SERIS—
Indians That Time Forgot

BY ROBERT M. HYATT

Photos Courtesy the Author and the Allan Hancock Foundation

WHEN HERNANDO CORTEZ conquered Mexico in the mid-16th century, breaking the back of Aztec rule for all time, he believed that every inhabitant of the country had come under Spanish sovereignty.

Cortez was wrong. He overthrew the legions of mighty Montezuma with steel armor, a few horses, and gunpowder muskets, none of which the Aztecs had ever seen. The thunderous roar of the Spanish muskets paralyzed them. Worse, the steel-armored men—seeming an integral part of their frightful four-legged mounts—were demons. Without guns and horses and the traitorous spying of Marina, Cortez' Aztec mistress, it might have been a different story.

Ruthlessly, Cortez laid waste golden Tenochtitlan, fabulous center of the Aztec Empire, and now Mexico City. On its sparkling azure lake, he fought the first naval engagement in North America—sixteen soldier-built-and-manned boats against thousands of native pirogues—and won.

Although outnumbered thousands to one, Cortez smashed and sacked one of the world's richest treasure vaults and ground into dust a remarkable civilization. But he didn't whip all the residents of Mexico. Far to the west, in what later became the State of Sonora, there lived a race of savages he knew nothing about. They numbered many thousands. Nomadic fish-eaters, they dwelt in makeshift brush *jacales* along the shores of the Gulf of California. They would come to be known as the Seri Indians, enigma of mankind, the people that time forgot.

It was a century or more after the Conquest that white men made their first contact with the Seris. The meeting, like so many between white and Indians, was foredoomed to disaster.

Like England, Spain was a sturdy colonizer, and once the Aztecs were subdued, she began sending people by the shipload to populate the rich New Spain. By the early 19th century, the colonists were spreading far from the capitol city, securing vast grants of land from their king—those in his favor. Many ventured to the western borders of Mexico, liked what they saw, and established great ranchos.

It is doubtful if the first of these newcomers ever glimpsed a Seri; there was plenty of room for all in the sprawling land, and the Indians kept out of sight. But the Seri, who had for ages been content with a fish and game diet, gradually developed a taste for beef.

On dark nights braves would steal into a herd, quietly slaughter a cow or two and carry off the meat. They didn't bother to run off entire bunches of cattle, as did the rustlers who came later. They were satisfied to feast for the moment, and let tomorrow take care of itself.

THESE nocturnal forays became so frequent that the *hidalgos* decided upon retaliatory measures. Armed *vaqueros* would lie hidden about the herds, waiting for the marauders. The keen-sensed Seris usually bypassed these traps, striking at unguarded herds. But one night a Seri was shot and his body left as a warning to his tribesmen.

The following morning the dead Indian was gone, but so too was one of the *vaqueros*. The story goes that the

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missing Spaniard was found in a canyon, spitted over a dead fire, most of his flesh gnawed from the bones. The account, true or false, served to throw a terrible fear into the *ricos*, who promptly put the brand of "cannibal" on their enemy. When other similar incidents occurred, the fear-ravaged Spaniards decided to try for a peace treaty with the Seris.

Just how they were to accomplish this—being unable to make contact with the Indians—was a problem. Then someone suggested a plan: they would closely guard the main herds of cattle, but leave a few strays to wander in the open *llanos*. They hoped the Indians would butcher these and be satisfied.

The gesture was apparently understood and accepted. For a few weeks there were no man-killings on either side. Then a group of young hotheads, full of honor and wine, decided it was beneath the dignity of high-born Spaniards to pay tribute to savages. They formed a small vigilante society, and riding out one night to where several stray cattle grazed, they lay in wait for the cow-killers. They were lucky —or unlucky, as it turned out. They shot several Seri braves.

Retaliation was swift and deadly. Almost simultaneously a half dozen ranch houses went up in flames and entire families were wiped out. The Seris would hide in sight of doors and windows and shoot down with bow and arrow the fleeing occupants. Fields of grain were burned and hundreds of cattle needlessly slaughtered.

Thus began, some four years prior to our Civil War, the terrible Encinas War in Sonora. It was a hit-and-run affair at first, the Seris invariably striking only in the dark. In some respects it was one of the strangest wars ever fought on this continent, because one side rarely glimpsed the other, except as night-distorted shadows. The Spanish mounted parties were never able to round up an enemy in daylight, yet for a time the haughty ranchers thought it would simply be a matter of putting down a native uprising.

They were completely mistaken in this. They had firearms, horses and considerable military training on their side; but the Seris had weight of numbers, the uncanny night-fighting ability of all Indians—and they lobbed their long arrows with devastating accuracy.

It settled into a war of attrition, each side bent on the complete destruction of the other, and it stretched into weeks. It was difficult for the proud *hidalgos* to believe that savages, regardless of their numbers, could hold out against civilized thinking and weapons. Yet that is exactly what happened. And eventually they knew that they would have to have help.

BY the time messengers had reached Mexico City and started an army marching to Sonora, scores of fine ranches were smoldering ruins and the death toll among the Spaniards was high. The Seri casualty list was never known, because their dead were snatched up and spirited away almost as fast as they fell. The Indians struck and disappeared, leaving no trails to their hideouts.

When the army arrived, the Seris vanished and no amount of expert trailing gave a clue to their whereabouts. A few remote ranches suffered sporadic attacks; then these ceased entirely. Aside from burned houses and fields, and numerous new graves, it was as if there had been no fighting. But the *ricos* demanded the Seris' destruction or at least their banishment from Sonora, believing the depredations would begin all over again once the soldiers had gone. Political pressure was brought to bear on the army officers and they were compelled to launch a gigantic man-hunt. This took place in the early part of 1858, and by then the Seris must have relaxed their vigilance, because the roundup netted several hundred Indians, including a war chief. The latter agreed, upon pain of death, to a withdrawal of his people to Tiburon Island, a few miles off the Sonora mainland.

The soldiers watched the Seris depart in numerous crude canoes and pirogues. But this was only a small portion of the Indians. It is not known whether any others ever followed that group to the island, nor is there any clear record of what became of the remaining mainlanders. They gradually disappeared, and except for occasional small thefts in the settlements (blamed on the Seris), there was no further trouble.

How fared those banished to Tiburon? There is a long blank in the record. Mexico won her freedom from Spain; there was the Maximilian regime to contend with; then the trouble following Benito Juarez' campaign for the poor man; Villa and the war with the States. Mexican officials had no time to bother about their abandoned Seris.

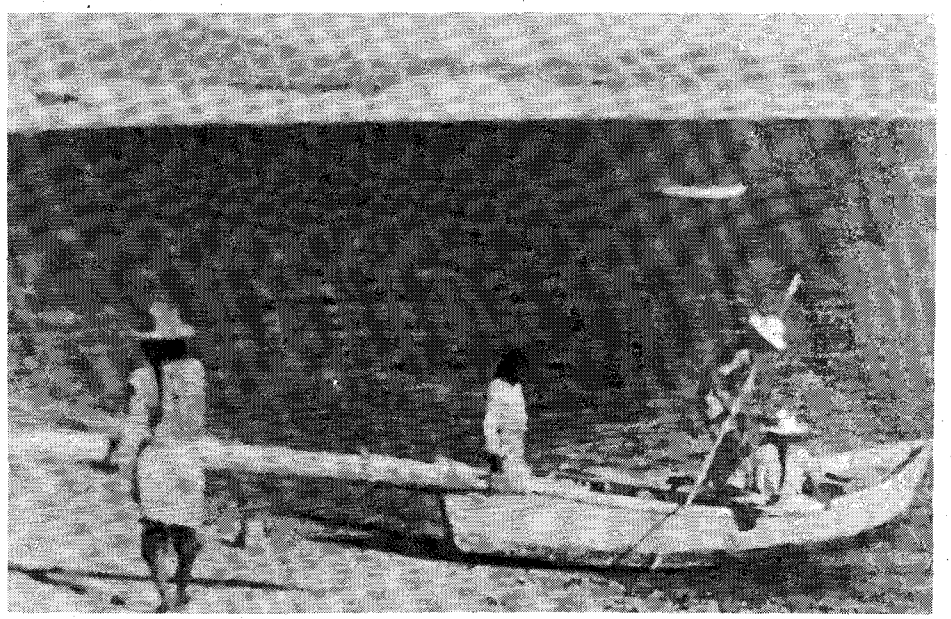
One may form a guess of life on barren Tiburon Island. It is small, extremely arid, and summer temperatures often hit 120. There are only two or three springs and almost no trees, although the parched land sustains a modest growth of cactus and catclaw. A low range of hills at one side of the island offers sanctuary to a few skinny deer and rabbits. It was probably no different in 1858 than it is today—a desolate wasteland. There were fish in the surrounding waters, and the Seris subsisted upon these, and a few turtles and pelicans.

The exact number of Seris sent to the island by the Mexicans is not known. Less than a decade ago the count was 213. It is far less now because this strange, little known people has, unintentionally, perhaps, practiced a form of race-suicide. Their harsh, Spartan existence and a non-vegetable diet, has not tended to increase longevity. A few years hence will see not a single Seri alive.

WHEN the last one dies, it will bring to a close a people without history, without records, certainly one of the most mysterious races known. Ethnological research has turned up no clue as to the origin of the Seri. He is no offshoot of the Inca, Aztec, or Toltec. And authorities claim he has no connection with any North American Indian tribe. Who is he?

The Seri language is also unique among Indian tongues. A few of the Tiburon dwellers speak some Spanish. Any form of government seems to be lacking, and there is virtually no religion, except for a few simple tribal rites and sketchy myths about their origin and afterworld. Of course, it may be that they have retrogressed; that they once

Below Left: A group of Seris prepare to sail for nearby Tiburon Island in their crude canoes. Below Right: A smiling native shows the result of poor diet and malnutrition.



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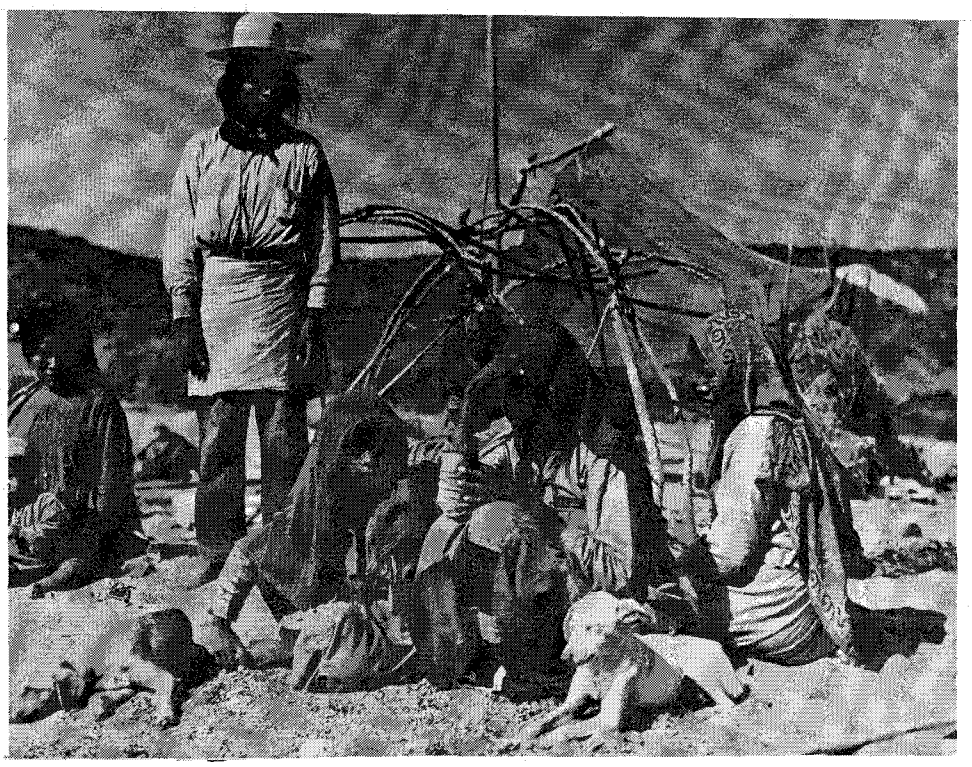


Above: The Seris are extremely modest. Both men and women wear clothes that cover them from their necks to their bare feet. Left: The Seris suffer from unbelievable poverty and live in squalor. Only recently have they learned how to make adobe bricks and construct permanent dwellings.

had all the things they now lack.

These few facts are known. The pelican is the chief god of the Seri. In some dim day a great pelican rose out of the sea and created the first man, also out of the sea. He was a Seri and he took up abode on Tiburon Island, which is the center of their universe. A female Seri came up out of the deep, and the race began. There followed four additional subsea miracles, each producing a tribe of "pale Indians," one of which was the white man. These made up the entire population of the earth. There is a legend that the Seris once dwelt at peace with the white man, but when this was or with what white men is not known.

There are several clans in Seriland—the dog, butterfly, pelican and turtle. There are a few tribal medicine men, but they are not taken seriously, officiating only at marriages, deaths, and as "spook chasers" in a hut where a sick person lies. The Seri adheres to a strict matriarchy, and women—at least the aged clan mothers—are the "bosses." The clan mothers are always ancient hags, but they make all the important decisions and their word is law. They are not Amazons, lording it over their men; they are simply in control. Seri women are hard workers and get along well with their families. That this condition existed always is doubtful, for certainly there were war chiefs in the old days.

When a Seri dies, he goes to a heaven closely resembling his own island—but, of course, well stocked with food. His numerous dogs, whom he considers members of the tribe, will accompany him there. Unlike many U. S. Indians, the Seris did not eat dogs. On the other hand—and again showing a marked difference from northern Indians—they ate their gods. Usually these were the pelican and turtle, without which their diet would be slim indeed.

Once a year a great pelican hunt is held on nearby Tassne Island, a rookery where thousands of the birds lay their eggs. The Seris roast the eggs in hot ashes and partially smoke the pelican flesh for future use. Since the big pelican hunt is as near to being a religious rite as they practice, some preliminary preparation is necessary—mostly a matter of getting roaring drunk on *posale,* a native brew that packs 40 mules' legs to the tankard.

GERALD KENDRICK, an amateur anthropologist, visited the Seris five years ago just in time to be in on their annual hunt. Since he didn't know what he was getting into until the hunt was on, his version of the affair is quite hilarious:

"The camp was a gruesome spot, smelling to heaven. The entire area for yards around the fire was littered with bones, large and small bones, some of them looking suspiciously *not animal!* Partly eaten fish, in a putrid state, lay everywhere. The odor was hellish. I felt sick.

"The men squatted down around the fire, Old Lout (a name he'd given to a particularly attentive Seri) indicating a spot for me beside him. I hunkered down. The men were snaring fish from a large pile, holding them over the flames on sharpened sticks. Lout handed me a stick, pointing to the fish pile.

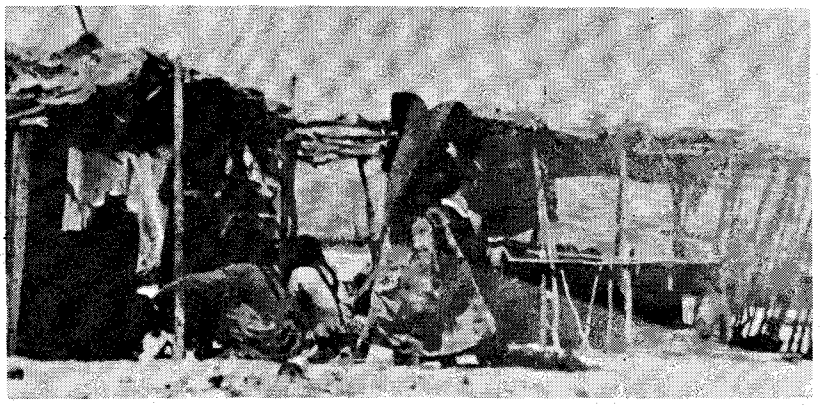
"Now, I knew that it was bad manners to refuse food at a savage host's table. I speared a fish, which looked like a mullet. It was just as it had come from the sea. Evidently I was supposed to gulp it *in toto!*

"That's what the others were doing, most of them wolfing mullet in a half-raw state. Lout tore into his, making a sickening sound as he sucked barely warm entrails. That did it. I snapped my lunch and fell back on the sand as waves of nausea swept over me. I had committed the unforgivable sin, but I didn't care then. I hardly cared if I was to be the *entree.*

"Lout leaned over me. He must have been struck by my pale green shade. He raised me up and held a cup to my lips. I took a swig, certain it was pure snake venom and not caring a damn. It tasted like tannic acid. I downed it all, and things soon began slowly revolving

(Continued on page 45)

Below left: Usually shy, this Seri shows no fear of the camera. Below right: A typical Seri family scene.



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This early-day wagon train carried produce, wool, etc., to Belen, New Mexico. It is shown in front of the John Becker store, loading up with ranch supplies for the return trip. The building in this photo was torn down in 1917 and a new one erected on the same site. The Becker Family have been in business in Belen since 1877—firm's name is now The Becker-Dalies Company. Photo courtesy Santa Fe Railway.

Wild Old Days

WHEN THE FIFTH CHAIN PULLS

BY WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

Despite the fact that I am a college professor, Joe Small agreed to let me have a little part in *True West*. I want to have this part because Joe is undertaking to present the truth about the country I love, and to get the truth as far as possible from those who have lived there. I am myself a *Westerner*, and have spent my whole life in the study of the West and the frontier. I have grown a little tired of the bunk that is printed month after month, representing the West as something it never was. What went on there was so much more exciting than men can imagine as to make the truth well worth telling. It seems to me that Joe has proved that the readers want the authentic rather than the false and misleading. He now has a group of fans who do not hesitate to tell him if he gets far off the high road he has taken. Sometimes they tell him when he is right!

If Joe does not change his mind about letting me sit around his campfire, eat his beans, and get his smoke in my eyes, I would like to help out by getting us all as close as possible to the real West. Some months ago Joe said that he wanted to have a sort of department on —well—on "How They Did It." How did the Indians keep a captive overnight? How did a man lost in the desert get enough water to live on where there was no water? How did a freighter yoke up a six ox team?

That question is before me now, that last one. I will use it as an example of the sort of subjects we want to inquire about. The question came in a letter from L. R. Tillotson, a civil engineer, whose address is 1321 MacVicar Street, Topeka, Kansas. I could not answer his question. And that's where *True West* readers can really help. Surely some reader can tell us all what the expression, "When the fifth chain tightens" really means. That is what Mr. Tillotson wants to know. If some old bullwhacker, or some man who as a kid hung around bullwhackers can't tell us what the "fifth chain" was, then that bit of western lore and history is lost. It must be a pretty hard question to answer because Mr. Tillotson, who is something of an expert on the perfidy and usefulness of oxen doesn't know. I'll let him talk to you direct:

"The stumper just now," he says, "is the origin of the old bullwhacker expression. 'When the fifth chain commences to pull' or 'When the fifth chain pulls,' meaning 'we are now going places.' I have an explanation which seems rather far-fetched. It was told to me by the late General Sears of Lawrence, Kansas, who was an ex-Confederate soldier, Indian fighter, and raconteur of Indian lore. He had made a fortune freighting across the plains and fate had made him Adjutant General of Kansas.

"His explanation boils down to the fact that many units had six yoke hitched to six wagons entrained. Each yoke except the wheelers had individual chains threaded through the eye of the yokes and extended back to each wagon in order. The fifth of these chains was pulled by the leads. At the whistle of the lead bullwhacker the wheelers first strained, followed in turn by the pointers and swings. When the leads, in straining, took up the slack of the fifth chain, the unit was in motion. Hence the expression.

"I heard it first on an engineering trip to the Cache Valley in Utah. Then several old bullwhackers in 1905 still existed and they gave me the origin, but in my salad days I did not have the hobby. In my files I have a sketch and explanation of the jerkline operation of which I have sure knowledge. Also I have the same of the four yoke hitch used in the swamps of Louisiana."

Mr. T. wrote to E. A. Davis (another professor) at Louisiana State University. Professor Davis said Mr. T. had him over the well-known barrel, and he tagged me to answer the question: What was the fifth chain? I'm over the barrel now, and I want some *True West* reader to get me off.

I think Mr. T. ought to send his sketches to Joe to be reproduced with an explanation that we can understand. The best account I know of the life of bullwhackers is in *The Frontier Years* by Brown and Felton, among the best books ever written on the Old West. If Joe lets me stay around the camp fire, and if Mr. T will send along his sketches, I'll steal some good bullwhacker stories from *The Frontier Years* and pass them along in a later issue. In the meantime, let's get all the information we can about the fifth chain.

PITCHMAN

BY CURT BISHOP

A legion of fortune hunters were moving West in the year 1850. By that year the glittery story of California gold had spread into every area of the East and South, and men by the hundreds started West to try their luck with pick and shovel at wresting a fortune from the earth.

Some hundreds went by boat, braving the uncertain sea dangers of the swing around the Horn. Many more just headed West afoot or on horseback.

(Continued on page 46)

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Luman (above) and Silas Gaskill (below).

It was a quiet day in the little California border town of Campo. On the surface, there was nothing to indicate that this day would mark the bloody

End Of The Murrietta Gang

BY JAMES R. MILLS

ASK the average man what was the greatest gunfight in the history of the West, and, chances are, his carefully considered reply will be, "The OK Corral battle at Tombstone between the Earps and the Clanton-McLowery boys."

Ask a citizen of the little border town of Campo, California, the same question and you'll get a different answer. He'll tell you right off, "Why, it was when the Gaskill boys, Silas and Luman, put an end to the old Joaquin Murrietta gang."

The Campo man will have good reason for saying so. There were more people involved and twice as many killed that blazing afternoon as there were in the OK Corral at Tombstone.

Joaquin Murrietta himself had been killed long before. By 1875, when the Campo battle took place, the famous bandit leader had been in his grave for many years. That is to say, *most* of him had been; his head was in a bottle of alcohol in Doctor Jordan's exhibition of curiosities in San Francisco, until it disappeared in the great earthquake and fire.

In the course of a quarter of a century the gang had had a number of leaders. A killer named Vasquez was the best known. Under him their mode of operation was to come down on a lonely ranch, farm, store, or stage, massacre everyone in sight, and make off with whatever loot they could find. They were partial to lonely travelers as prey, too. They killed Governor Roja, of Lower California, and a companion for $800 they were carrying while on a trip from Ensenada to Tijuana.

Vasquez came to his deserved end in Los Angeles. He used to visit a young married woman there. Each time he showed up he warned her elderly husband to leave town, for the sake of his skin, as well as his property. One time the old fellow came back while Vasquez was still at his home. He said he was just bringing his wife a load of wood from the hills. He didn't mention the four lawmen who were in among the kindling, and who put a number of loads of buckshot into Vasquez's back and behind as he fled from the supper table. He lived long enough to be properly hanged; he was probably the least interested person at the execution. He wasn't in any shape to appreciate it.

A man named Chavez was the next leader. He was casing a ranch in the Gila country when a couple of California brothers named Roberts caught him off guard. Before he knew what their intentions were they had their guns out and were pouring lead into him. His head went into a bottle, too. The Roberts boys preserved it in a jar of brandy and took it to Sacramento where they collected a handsome reward. They almost didn't make it back to California though. In Yuma someone saw the bottle with the head in it, and a mob of Mexicans and Indians thought it was somebody else's head. The boys were almost lynched.

The raid on Campo was Chavez's idea, although he died before it could be carried out. He wanted to get his gang from California across into Sonora, where the pickings were good at the time. They would need supplies, and the isolated village of Campo was the ideal place to pick them up. There wasn't much there but the store the Gaskills kept. It would be no trick to kill the two of them. Then the bandits could take their time loading their wagons with food, guns, ammunition, and whatever took their fancy. Campo was the perfect place to raid. Not only was it lonely, but it was only a matter of yards from the Mexican border. Escape was assured.

The one thing Chavez did not figure on was the possibility that the two frontiersmen storekeepers might be worth the entire gang, and a little more.

When Chavez was killed, a homicidal maniac named Cruz Lopez took over the reins of leadership. He was the type of man who gets the same pleasure out of murder that a hunter gets from springing a game bird and bringing it down with a clean shot. He took a pride in killing cleanly, and swore it never took him more than one shot to finish anyone. This pride in his own expertness helped finish him and his outfit on that December afternoon. He was overconfident.

A day or two before the raid the gang rendezvoused at Tecate, a few miles west of Campo. Cruz Lopez chose his five most accomplished gunmen to go with him. He was taking no chances. He told nine more reliable men to harness up a couple of four-horse teams to wagons to carry off the loot. They were to wait behind the nearest range of hills until the shooting was over.

SILAS GASKILL, recalling the bloody afternoon some forty-odd years after, said, "I was working at the forge when I learned that the robbers were going to raid us. A Mexican was hanging around the shop and he seemed pret-

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ty nervous. I was busy and paid no attention to him. He waited until he could talk to me alone. Then he slipped up and whispered in my ear. He said Lopez and his gang were coming to clean us out.

"I had been on good terms with the informer and fed him occasionally when he was broke. Anyhow he put me on guard.

"We had six shotguns, and I started to get ready right away. I cleaned every gun and loaded it up with plenty of buckshot. (They were muzzle-loaders of course.) As I remember I placed one each in the store, the blacksmith shop, the stable, the post office, and one at a place near the post office, so that when the trouble started anyone could grab up a gun quick and get into action."

No doubt the Mexican just wanted to give the Gaskills an opportunity to clear out and save their skins. Any sensible men would have done just that. However, Silas and Luman Gaskill were no men to back down from a good fight. They had cool heads and they knew just what their chances were. Silas was one of the greatest bear hunters the West ever knew. His little brother was not far behind him. They'd never engaged in a gun battle before, but they figured they could be as good as the best if they had to be. They were right. No veterans of range wars could have done better than these two talented amateurs when the chips were down.

Cruz Lopez rode into Campo with his five killers and divided his forces. As there were just two men to dispose of, he assigned three to each, including himself in the trio that was to deal with Luman, who was in the store. Silas was across the way in front of the blacksmith shop, repairing a wagon bed. A high pile of rocks cut the two buildings off from sight of each other. Lopez stood near the door of the store to give the signal, because he wanted both parties to blaze away at the same instant.

Just as Cruz Lopez raised his hand to signal the three men in front of the blacksmith shop to open fire at Silas, he saw a tall French sheepherder on a white horse coming into sight down the road. That complicated matters. He had to have the Gaskills out of the way before the Frenchman could join battle. He couldn't afford to be caught between two fires.

LUMAN GASKILL in the store saw Lopez' signal and three revolvers looking him in the eye. He yelled, "Murder," to warn his brother, and dove behind the counter. His plan was to scramble along behind it till he got to the shotgun at the end, then he could offer some opposition. However two of the bandits dropped their pistols, jumped over the bar after him, and seized his arms. They forced him back up against the shelving. Lopez himself crossed the room to where they stood and aimed his heavy six-shooter, first at Luman's face, then at his heart. Inches away, the professional gunman could not possibly miss; or so he thought.

Gaskill, calm as ever a man was, watched the bandit chief's finger tighten on the trigger. He jerked himself down and back a split second before Lopez fired. The bandits thought he jumped because of the shot, not prior to it, which is just what Luman expected. Instead of being shot through the heart he had a bullet through the lung. He dropped heavily to the floor. Lopez's two hatchetmen picked up their guns and wanted to pump a few more rounds into him. However, their chief said no. When he shot a man that man stayed shot. Once was always enough.

Silas heard Luman's shout. He vaulted over the wagon bed he was working on and ran for the blacksmith shop where a shotgun was concealed. The three assigned to get him followed him to the shop on the double. The first to get to the door fired just as Silas was turning with his scattergun, wounding him in the side and shoulder. The bandit never had time to compliment himself on that piece of work; a moment later he was collapsing, a corpse, with a chest full of shot. The other two fled out of sight around the south side of the shop. Silas ran out the back door to take them on the flank. With his second barrel he burned down a second man. The third, rattled, didn't think to count the number of loads there are in one double-barreled shotgun. He beat a retreat, a fast one, and hid behind a pile of lumber a safe distance away.

Silas, with nothing but an empty gun to defend himself with, and with four gunmen still on their feet, ran to his house to get the loaded one he had left there. He couldn't find it, so he returned with the same empty one he had before. He met the same bandit, who thought he must have a loaded weapon by this time, therefore the fellow scampered back to his woodpile again.

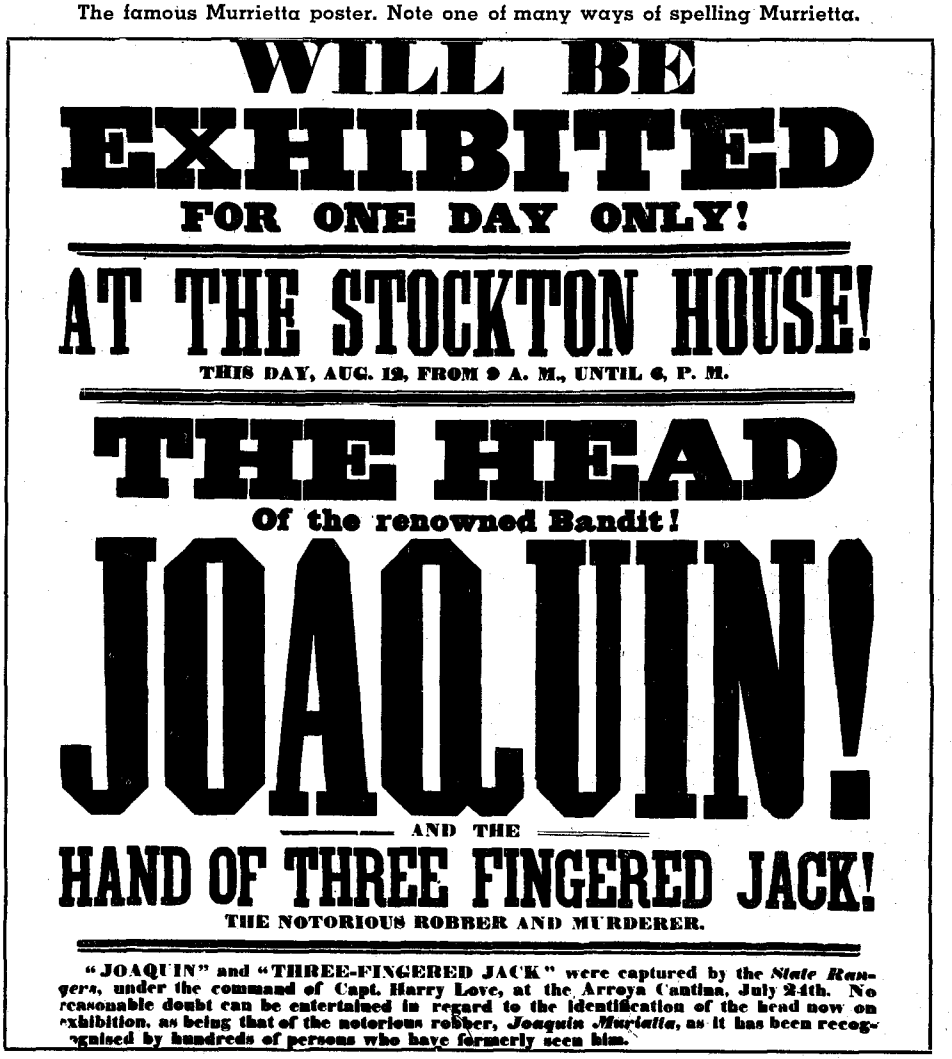
IN the meantime, the French sheep man had come onto the scene and thought he'd take a hand in the fray. He dropped on the off side of his big white horse and shot it out with Cruz Lopez himself. He, too, proved to be a talented amateur. He brought the outlaw chief down with a bullet in his neck. However, the two men who had been with Lopez in the store closed in on the intruder and poured round after round into his chest and arms, breaking both his arms, by the way, as well as wounding him mortally.

Luman Gaskill, in the store, was reviving slowly. At last he was able to get to his shotgun in the corner of the room. Even though his left arm and leg were temporarily paralyzed, he pulled himself and his gun over to the door. There he saw one robber standing by the tall Frenchman's horse. Luman dropped him with a charge of buckshot in the chest. Another, the one who had twice run away from Silas and his empty gun, came up from around the blacksmith shop, only to receipt for Luman's other load.

Six men were down now, including the Frenchman. Only one bandit was on his feet. Luman wanted him too, even though he, Luman, was losing a lot of blood. He crept over to the stream bed that runs through Campo and dropped into it. His plan was to work his way under cover up to his house, where he could get his .45-70 Springfield and bring it to bear. In the wash he found the town's telegraph operator, who had left guns and ammunition in his office to run and hide.

(Continued on page 32)

The famous Murrietta poster. Note one of many ways of spelling Murrietta.


WILL BE
EXHIBITED
FOR ONE DAY ONLY!
AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!
THIS DAY, AUG. 12, FROM 9 A. M., UNTIL 6, P. M.
THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!
JOAQUIN!
AND THE
HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!
THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND MURDERER.
"JOAQUIN" and "THREE-FINGERED JACK" were captured by the *State Rangers*, under the command of Capt. Harry Love, at the Arroya Cantina, July 24th. No reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the identification of the head now on exhibition, as being that of the notorious robber, *Joaquin Murietta*, as it has been recognised by hundreds of persons who have formerly seen him.

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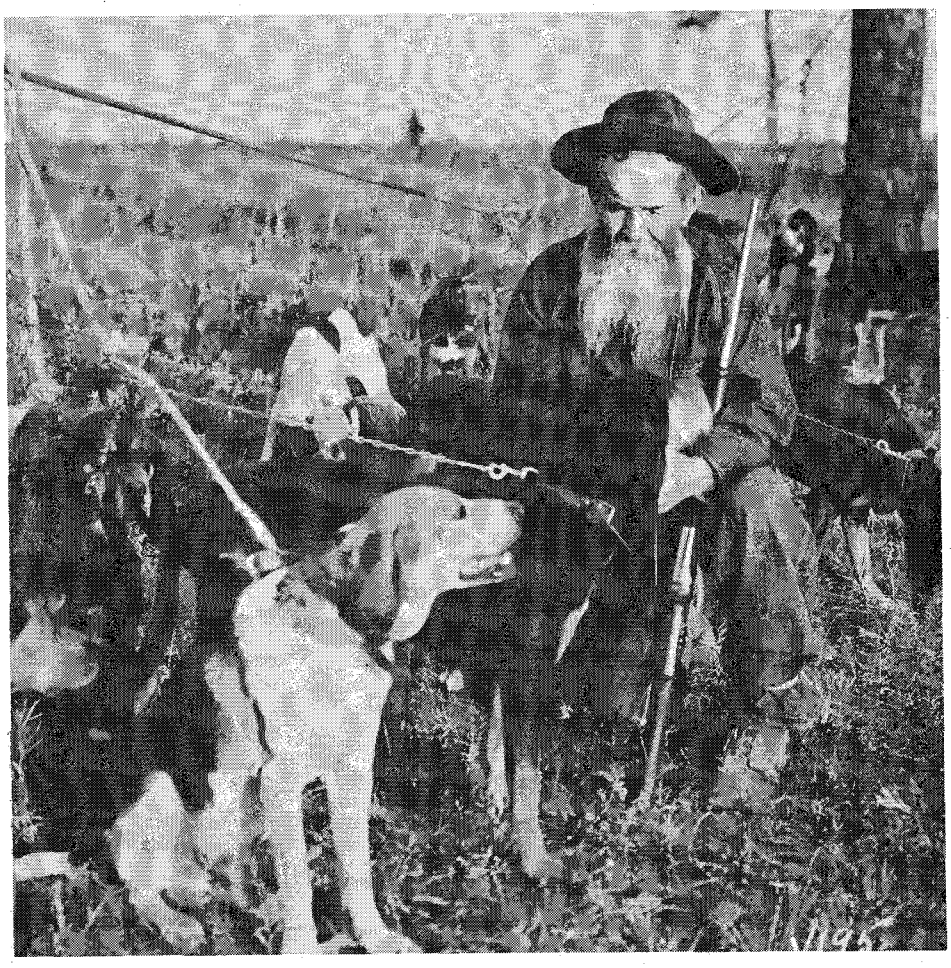

Ben Lilly, often called the greatest of the old Mountain Men, and some of his famous hounds. This superb photo is owned by the author.

BEN LILLY'S LONGEST GRIZZLY CHASE

BY NORMAN G. WOOLSEY

From the United States to Mexico ranged this epic bear hunt of a legendary hunter of the West

IT was the sixth day of the hunt and Ben Lilly's hounds were getting sore-footed and trail weary. Ben's sack of rations was also getting low, yet they were no closer to the tireless grizzly than they had been on the first day. The bear seemed to possess uncanny intelligence. He traveled just fast enough to stay ahead of the dogs, yet not fast enough to wear himself out. He seemed to know every inch of the roughest country, and there on several occasions he had almost managed to shake off the persistent hunter and his four hounds.

Six days before, on March 10, 1911, Ben Lilly had started this bear in the Animas Mountains in extreme southwestern New Mexico. He had followed it south through the San Luis Mountains in Chihuahua and across into Sonora. And now the veteran hunters' keen sense of location told him the bear was circling back over the mass of rough rimrock that marked the borderline of Chihuahua.

As the trail dropped down 500 feet to the soft dirt of a tiny saddle, Lilly stopped and studied carefully the broad track in the dry dust. Two toes were missing from the right front foot—he was following the same bear he had started. For the fourth time that day he spanned the giant track of the back foot. It measured thirteen inches from claw to heel.

Ben shrugged his shoulders, as if unable to believe that this remarkable bear had led them over 150 miles of the roughest country in the Southwest without revealing a glimpse of himself.

It was weird. At times Lilly wondered just who was trailing who. The night before, for instance, the great grizzly stole within fifty yards of camp and seemingly inspected the hunter and his dogs as they slept. That morning Ben had found the tell-tale sign—and for the life of him he couldn't figure out whether it was simply curiosity on the bear's part or just contempt for all mankind and their canine servants.

The bewhiskered hunter turned his face from the trail to the west where a dull red sun was sinking behind a windy-looking mist. "Thirty minutes of daylight," he thought aloud. "Well, it's either tonight or never . . . Tomorrow is the Sabbath."

IN his many years as a hunter of predators, Ben Lilly had never broken the Sabbath by hunting or shedding blood on that holy day. A deeply religious man, he was a devout student of the Bible. On Sunday, his chapel was usually some wild, remote spot in the wilderness. His congregation was his hounds, and any other forest creatures that cared to listen, for on the Lord's Day the dogs were leashed and the gun put aside.

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For this reason and the fact that he seemed to prefer the company of his dogs to that of his fellow men, Ben Lilly from the beginning was destined to be set apart from others. His name was known throughout the Southwest. By many conventional people he was considered a strange man, a lone, mysterious wanderer of the waste-lands and forests. Nobody denied his uncanny ability as a lion and bear hunter. In far-off Washington, D. C., the name of Ben Lilly was known intimately by officials of the Biological Survey for the incalculable help he had given them in identifying various species of animals native to the Southwest.

NOW, with dusk approaching, the old hunter tested with moistened finger the slight breeze that stirred. The wind came from the Northeast, the direction of the grizzly's trail. That helped—but time now was the vital factor. Suddenly, Ben heard the excited baying of his two younger dogs. The sound came from high up in a rocky canyon ahead. The big, brindled, slow-trailing hound tied at the hunter's belt began to whine and jump in eager anticipation.

Kate, a big spotted female hound, in her excitement forgot how old and played out she was and scrambled barking across a drift of jagged boulders and out of sight in the direction of her mates. Ben followed, tugged along by the straining brindle.

Dusk dropped fast as Lilly straddled his way up the narrow ravine and on to the top. At the top he found a little hollow nestled between higher peaks, covered with a thick stand of oak and pinon trees. Somewhere about in the center of the largest thicket, Ben figured, the dogs were holding the cunning old grizzly at bay. The hounds were making the woods ring in their excitement—obviously they had at last caught up with their elusive prey.

Rounding a dense growth of scrub pine, Lilly was startled at the sight that met his eye. The great dun-colored bear was reared on his hind feet with the two younger dogs swinging from each ear. As the bear swung his huge head, he whirled the dogs clear of the ground. Still they hung on.

Gallant old Kate had a throat hold on the monster, and the grizzly was using his free forepaws, trying to push her upward where he could get at her with his deadly jaws.

"It sure was a heck of a looking ruckus," admitted Ben later on.

Lilly threw his .33 caliber rifle to his shoulder but couldn't fire for fear of hitting the dogs. In that moment, Old Kate lost her hold. She jumped again for the grizzly's throat and the bear slammed her in mid-air with a sweeping blow of his mighty forearm. The dog was batted backward through space to smash sickeningly against the trunk of a pine. She slid to the ground, a bloody, broken mass of bone and muscle.

Ben fired. The bear bawled and tumbled backward into a dense thicket, taking the dogs with him. The hunter saw that the bullet had not inflicted a fatal wound. Now the maddened grizzly would surely kill his dogs unless he could call them off. He yelled at them—but in the fiendish uproar they couldn't hear his voice.

He threw another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and plunged into the thicket after them. They had rolled into thick brush, and he could see nothing but a dim, whirling mass of fur and blurred movement. Seconds dragged like minutes as Lilly stood helplessly by while the big slow-trailing hound tied at his belt jumped hard against the rope. Suddenly he heard a crash in the underbrush and a terrific roar as the bear leaped free and lunged away into the darkness.

Fearfully, the hunter called to his dogs. They came obediently from the brush. One of them was unharmed, except for a few cuts and bruises. The other was staggering, and Ben could see that he was disemboweled. The old hunter sat down wearily. For the first time during the long chase he felt the exertion of the hunt.

HE called the wounded dog to him and cupped the battle-scarred head tenderly between his hands. The dying hound licked the gnarled fingers of his master. Even through the agony of his mortal wound he was conscious of Lilly's intimate voice, the gentle touch of his hand.

Ben knew there was but one thing to do. The rifle cracked. The hound fell without a cry.

Lilly carried his body to the remains of Old Kate. There, side by side, he buried them. A cross bore this carefully written inscription:

"Pup and Old Kate, killed by a grizzly, March 15, 1911."

The legend was signed with B. V. Lilly's unique carving: a honey bee for the letter B, a rattlesnake coiled to represent the V, and a lily pad for the last name.

Ben called to his two remaining hounds, and they went to a nearby spring. He drank, and filled his canteen; then the dogs took over the pool.

As the sun rose over the San Luis Mountains that Sunday morning, it found Ben Lilly reading from his miniature Bible, his back propped against the butt of a pine tree. The two dogs were resting, sore and stiff from yesterday's battle.

The hounds raised their heads in grave attention as Lilly closed the Book and quoted his favorite passage aloud:

"Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary," he quoted. "I am the Lord. And I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid; and I will rid evil beasts out of the land."

The Sunday service was over. Ben leaned his shaggy head back against the pine and closed his eyes. He wondered if he could ever catch up with the bear. How badly was the grizzly wounded? If not seriously hit, its trail would be cold by Monday. The hunter asked himself a question that bothered him greatly: "Should I, this one time, forget the holiness of Sunday and pursue this evil beast? He turned again to Scriptures, but could find no satisfactory answer.

AT last, having wrestled with his conscience and come to a conclusion, Lilly divided his last remaining rations with the hounds, loosed the leashes, and headed into the gloomy forest. The grizzly's wound had left a line of dried blood. The weary hounds, eager as their sore feet and wounds would permit, barked "trail."

Ben said later that he had many misgivings as to the outcome. First, he was willfully breaking God's Law. Secondly, he was forced to turn his slow-trailing dog loose to help the younger, inexperienced dog work the trail.

The dogs ranged out 200 yards ahead, entering a brush-choked ravine and following it downhill. Their baying became irregular, indicating that they were having trouble working out the scent.

A mile further on, the ravine boxed in sharply. The brush was so thick that in many places Lilly was forced on his hands and knees.

(Continued on page 39)

Illustrated by R. L. McCollister

The great dun-colored bear was reared on his hind feet with the dogs barking furiously at his feet.

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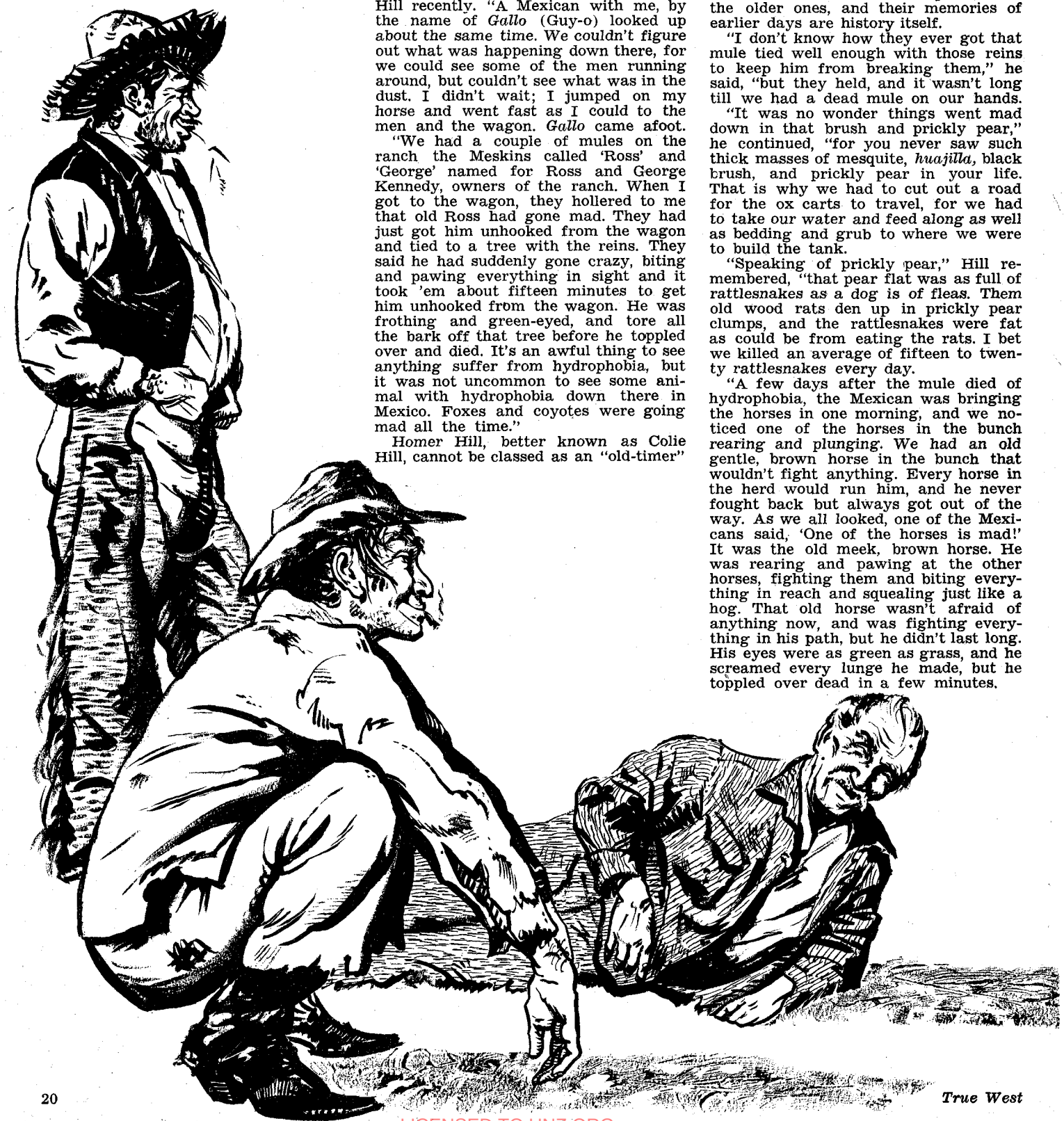
In this and following sketches you will find realistic reporting on the men and work of the brush country of Texas and Mexico

Things I Never

BY FLORENCE FENLEY



MAD MULE

I HAPPENED to look back toward the wagon and mules and saw an awful dust and excitement," said Homer Hill recently. "A Mexican with me, by the name of *Gallo* (Guy-o) looked up about the same time. We couldn't figure out what was happening down there, for we could see some of the men running around, but couldn't see what was in the dust. I didn't wait; I jumped on my horse and went fast as I could to the men and the wagon. *Gallo* came afoot.

"We had a couple of mules on the ranch the Meskins called 'Ross' and 'George' named for Ross and George Kennedy, owners of the ranch. When I got to the wagon, they hollered to me that old Ross had gone mad. They had just got him unhooked from the wagon and tied to a tree with the reins. They said he had suddenly gone crazy, biting and pawing everything in sight and it took 'em about fifteen minutes to get him unhooked from the wagon. He was frothing and green-eyed, and tore all the bark off that tree before he toppled over and died. It's an awful thing to see anything suffer from hydrophobia, but it was not uncommon to see some animal with hydrophobia down there in Mexico. Foxes and coyotes were going mad all the time."

Homer Hill, better known as Colie Hill, cannot be classed as an "old-timer" in the strictest sense, for he is only 62 years old. I maintain, however, that the younger men and boys who worked under the old-time cowmen or frontiersmen, have had the same experience as the older ones, and their memories of earlier days are history itself.

"I don't know how they ever got that mule tied well enough with those reins to keep him from breaking them," he said, "but they held, and it wasn't long till we had a dead mule on our hands.

"It was no wonder things went mad down in that brush and prickly pear," he continued, "for you never saw such thick masses of mesquite, *huajilla,* black brush, and prickly pear in your life. That is why we had to cut out a road for the ox carts to travel, for we had to take our water and feed along as well as bedding and grub to where we were to build the tank.

"Speaking of prickly pear," Hill remembered, "that pear flat was as full of rattlesnakes as a dog is of fleas. Them old wood rats den up in prickly pear clumps, and the rattlesnakes were fat as could be from eating the rats. I bet we killed an average of fifteen to twenty rattlesnakes every day.

"A few days after the mule died of hydrophobia, the Mexican was bringing the horses in one morning, and we noticed one of the horses in the bunch rearing and plunging. We had an old gentle, brown horse in the bunch that wouldn't fight anything. Every horse in the herd would run him, and he never fought back but always got out of the way. As we all looked, one of the Mexicans said, 'One of the horses is mad!' It was the old meek, brown horse. He was rearing and pawing at the other horses, fighting them and biting everything in reach and squealing just like a hog. That old horse wasn't afraid of anything now, and was fighting everything in his path, but he didn't last long. His eyes were as green as grass, and he screamed every lunge he made, but he toppled over dead in a few minutes.

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Saw Before

"I had seen them Meskins looking my new rig over and sort of smiling . . . I didn't look very genuine to 'em . . . and they had me figured out as a drug store cowboy."

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

FINE OUTFIT LABELED HIM

AFTER I came home from World War I," Hill said, "I took a job with Gene and Frank Kincaid and when I finished that job, then is when I went down on *Trinidad* Ranch, owned by Ross and George Kennedy, bordering the Rio Grande about twenty-one miles south of Guerrero, Mexico. It was about 1921. My brother, Edgar, had been working down there for some time, and he and Mr. Ross Kennedy came up and got me when I finished the job on the Kincaid Ranch.

"I needed a new outfit so I got me a new saddle, bridle, leggings, ducking jacket, and boots. The first day I went to work down there, it was in January and a Mexican boy helped me round up the horses to get 'em ready to start the cow work. It's too hot down there to work cattle in the warm weather; the horses get fat on mesquite beans and prickly pear apples, and it's just too hot for any such work as catching those wild cattle and necking 'em to the necking steers.

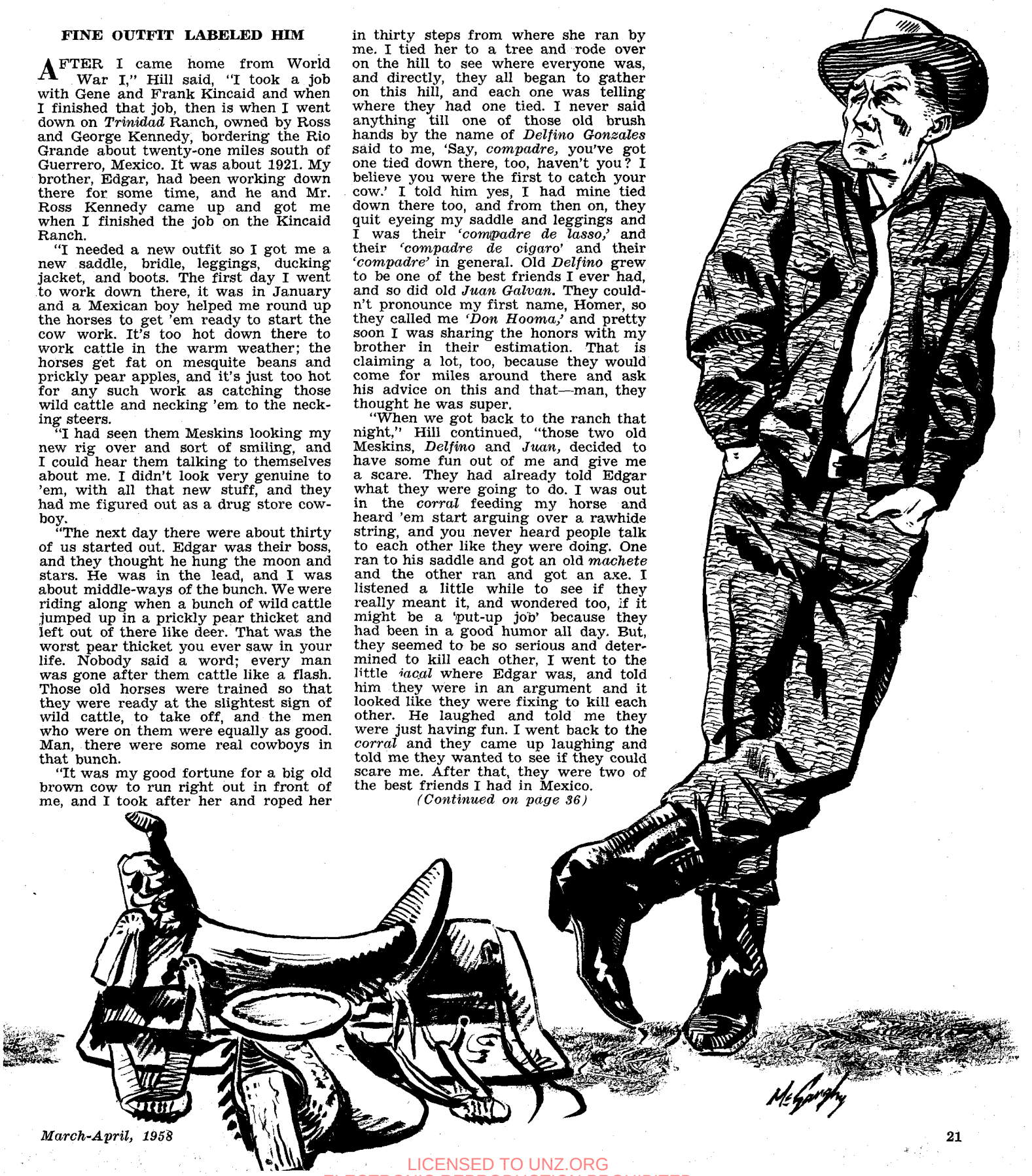
"I had seen them Meskins looking my new rig over and sort of smiling, and I could hear them talking to themselves about me. I didn't look very genuine to 'em, with all that new stuff, and they had me figured out as a drug store cowboy.

"The next day there were about thirty of us started out. Edgar was their boss, and they thought he hung the moon and stars. He was in the lead, and I was about middle-ways of the bunch. We were riding along when a bunch of wild cattle jumped up in a prickly pear thicket and left out of there like deer. That was the worst pear thicket you ever saw in your life. Nobody said a word; every man was gone after them cattle like a flash. Those old horses were trained so that they were ready at the slightest sign of wild cattle, to take off, and the men who were on them were equally as good. Man, there were some real cowboys in that bunch.

"It was my good fortune for a big old brown cow to run right out in front of me, and I took after her and roped her in thirty steps from where she ran by me. I tied her to a tree and rode over on the hill to see where everyone was, and directly, they all began to gather on this hill, and each one was telling where they had one tied. I never said anything till one of those old brush hands by the name of *Delfino Gonzales* said to me, 'Say, *compadre,* you've got one tied down there, too, haven't you? I believe you were the first to catch your cow.' I told him yes, I had mine tied down there too, and from then on, they quit eyeing my saddle and leggings and I was their *'compadre de lasso,'* and their *'compadre de cigaro'* and their *'compadre'* in general. Old *Delfino* grew to be one of the best friends I ever had, and so did old *Juan Galvan.* They couldn't pronounce my first name, Homer, so they called me *'Don Hooma,'* and pretty soon I was sharing the honors with my brother in their estimation. That is claiming a lot, too, because they would come for miles around there and ask his advice on this and that—man, they thought he was super.

"When we got back to the ranch that night," Hill continued, "those two old Meskins, *Delfino* and *Juan,* decided to have some fun out of me and give me a scare. They had already told Edgar what they were going to do. I was out in the *corral* feeding my horse and heard 'em start arguing over a rawhide string, and you never heard people talk to each other like they were doing. One ran to his saddle and got an old *machete* and the other ran and got an axe. I listened a little while to see if they really meant it, and wondered too, if it might be a 'put-up job' because they had been in a good humor all day. But, they seemed to be so serious and determined to kill each other, I went to the little *jacal* where Edgar was, and told him they were in an argument and it looked like they were fixing to kill each other. He laughed and told me they were just having fun. I went back to the *corral* and they came up laughing and told me they wanted to see if they could scare me. After that, they were two of the best friends I had in Mexico.

(Continued on page 36)



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Chief Rain-in-the-face

Now the embattled Lakotas move into "the bad times" following their great victories over Crook and Custer. The dissolution and downfall of the great Sioux Nation is imminent

Death on the North Plains

BY NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Photos from Frontier Pix

SYNOPSIS:
After the Minnesota uprising of the Santee Sioux, the defeated remnant of that tribal division fled westward to the land of the Teton (Prairie) Sioux to join forces with their roving kinsmen across the Missouri. Clashes with settlers and soldiers and the building of forts in the Sioux hunting grounds on the Powder River precipitated "Red Cloud's War," which ended in temporary victory for the Sioux. Discovery of gold in the Black Hills in 1874 brought more trouble, culminating in the military campaigns of 1876 in which General Crook was defeated at the Rosebud and Colonel Custer and his Seventh Cavalry annihilated at the Little Big Horn. The story resumes at that point.

TROOPERS of General Terry's command—already informed of the disaster to Custer by four of his Crow Scouts who had escaped and apparently witnessed part of the battle from a distance—arrived at the battle site on June 27.

The Indians were gone, their great camp on the Little Big Horn deserted. The scene was a somber one. The river bottom was blackened and still smoking from the fires set by the retreating warriors. Dead horses ringed the abandoned camp and the only sound to break the oppressive silence was the yapping and snarling of savage dogs prowling among the lodges. Several funeral *tipis* stood amid a huge mass of abandoned material: buffalo robes, dried meat, saddles, blankets, cooking utensils, etc. Some of the troopers set up a cheer at the sight, believing that the abandonment of so much valuable property indicated that the Sioux had been defeated and routed by Custer. Others, more experienced in Indian warfare, grimly shook their heads. The mass of debris merely meant the Sioux had followed their usual custom of abandoning the lodge and household of some deceased tribal members. The sign was ominous rather than hopeful.

Despite the officers' stern commands to keep ranks, many soldiers darted into the funeral lodges to hunt for souvenirs. The bodies of eight warriors were found in two of the *tipis;* five in one lodge, three in another. All were dressed in their finest clothes and lying upon scaffolds.

Grisly discoveries were quickly made. A soldier picked up a pair of bloody drawers lettered "Sturgis—Seventh Cavalry." Captain Clifford found a pair of bloodstained officer's trousers. Dr. Paulding discovered a buckskin blouse, bullet pierced, that had belonged to Lieutenant Porter of Custer's command. A number of bodies were then found, white men, beheaded, and so badly mutilated as to be unrecognizable. The heads of three men, bound together with wire, were found suspended from a lodge-pole. Cavalry saddles and parts of uniforms were found. Gradually, with a deepening sense of horror, officers and troops began to realize that the Crows had been right; that tragedy had overwhelmed Custer and the Seventh Cavalry.

Proof of the shocking fact quickly came. Scouting the hills to the left, Lieutenant Bradley, with his mounted infantry detachment, came upon the bodies of Custer and his slain command. White faced, the young officer made a meticulous count of the corpses, then rode back to Generals Terry and Gibbon to make his report: "I have a very sad report to make," he said in a voice choked with emotion. "I have counted 197 bodies lying in the hills." To the swift question, "White men?" Bradley could only nod.

CURLY, one of the four Crow scouts who had escaped the fury of the Sioux, arrived at the mouth of the little Big Horn on that same day of June 27, 1876, and spoke to Grant Marsh, captain of the steamer *Far West* moored there. The haggard young scout hoarsely spoke the Crow word for "Sioux." Then—since he could not speak English—he drew many dots on a piece of tarpaulin, pointed at them and again spoke the word for Sioux. Next he spoke the Crow word for "Long Knives"—white soldiers—and drew other dots. Then the scout bent over the tarpaulin and wiped the second group of dots from the canvas. His meaning was terribly clear; somewhere in the wild country of the Little Big Horn, whole companies of white soldiers had been wiped out by the hostile Sioux. Anxiously, Captain Marsh waited for further word; hoping against hope that Curly was mistaken.

Later that day a message came from General Terry to prepare the *Far West* for a fast trip to Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, 710 miles away, to transport to hospital wounded soldiers from the units of Captain Benteen and Major Reno. Ominously, Terry's dispatch contained no word of the fate of Custer.

Captain Marsh moved quickly on receipt of General Terry's message, converting the *Far West* into a hospital ship. Over an eighteen-inch-deep carpet of prairie grass on his decks he spread tarpaulin, and broke out all available medical supplies. Then there was nothing else to do but grimly wait.

At the battlefield, General Gibbon's advance troops contacted two Arikara scouts sent out from Major Reno's command holed up on the bluffs along the river. The scouts could not speak English and the troops could not understand sign language, so little could be learned from the Arikaras. Lieutenants Hare and Wallace, of Reno's command, then came up, and their first anxious question was: "Have you seen Custer?" They had last seen the Colonel moving along the bluffs toward the lower end of the village, and believed that their detachment had fought the main action of the

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battle. Both officers were stunned at the news that Custer and all his men had been annihilated.

Squads under Lieutenant Bradley were detailed to identify and bury the 206 bodies of Custer's command which were found. Others were never recovered. High on the ridge they found the body of Custer, surrounded by the bodies of most of his officers and about forty troopers. Captain Tom Custer lay near the Colonel; officers Yates, Smith, Cooke, and Reilly lay nearby. The body of the "gallant Irishman," Captain Keogh, was discovered in a ravine, stripped but not mutilated. Keogh's horse, a claybank gelding named Comanche, was found bleeding from half a dozen bullet wounds but still alive. He recovered from his wounds and lived for many years in great honor.

Custer's body was stripped but not scalped; there is still much controversy as to whether he was mutilated. He had been shot twice; in the left temple and in the left breast.

LIEUTENANT BRADLEY, probably the first white man to see Custer after his death, stated positively that the Colonel's body had *not* been mutilated. Some historians believe that Bradley and other officers had deliberately and very humanely fabricated the story that Custer's body was not mutilated in order to spare the feelings of his anguished widow. The Sioux and the Cheyennes disagreed among themselves on this point. In any event, Custer was not scalped—and the simple reason for that was the fact that he had cut his thinning hair skull-close the night before the battle.

Controversy over the mutilation of the slain troops extends to all of Custer's command. Edgar I. Stewart writes in *Custer's Luck:* "While it is probably safe to say that the majority (of the troops) were scalped, the mutilations probably consisted largely of disfiguration brought about by blows with a club or an axe, and from slashing the right thigh, the Sioux custom for marking their dead . . . In the valley there had been much mutilation of the dead of Reno's command, which was only natural, since they were the ones closest to the Indian camp."

When General Terry identified Custer's body, a startling incident occurred which has not been given much publicity over the years. Terry stood over Custer's body and cursed him: "Damn him, damn him!" Terry cried out chokingly—and turned away with tears blinding his eyes.

There have been many fanciful yarns written on the always intriguing subject of just which Indian killed Custer. Rain-in-the-Face first claimed to be the Colonel's slayer, and was immeasurably boosted in his claim by Longfellow's poem, *The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face.* Later Rain officially denied the act, stating that a young Cheyenne warrior who was painted like him had shot Custer. Other stories name Flat Hip, a Hunkpapa Sioux, and Two Moons, the Cheyenne chief, as killers of Custer.

In his book, *Sitting Bull, Champion of the Sioux,* the late Stanley Vestal (Professor Walter S. Campbell) writes that the Sioux chief White Bull killed Custer, but was afraid to admit it after the battle in fear of retaliation from the whites. White Bull revealed his secret to Mr. Vestal in 1932. Vestal kept the secret until well after the old warrior's death, finally disclosing it in 1957—first in an article in *American Heritage* and later included it in his book on Sitting Bull, a revision of a former work on the great Hunkpapa leader.

White Bull's story (condensed) of the death of Custer follows:

"I charged in. A tall, well-built soldier with yellow hair and mustache saw me coming and tried to bluff me, aiming his rifle at me. But when I rushed in, he threw his rifle at me without shooting. I dodged it. We grabbed each other and wrestled there in the dust and smoke. It was like fighting in a fog. This soldier was very strong and brave . . . He was desperate. He hit me with his fists on the jaw and shoulders, then grabbed my long braids with both hands, pulled my face close and tried to bite my nose off . . . He drew his pistol. I wrenched it out of his hand and struck him with it three or four times on the head, knocked him over, shot him in the head and fired at his heart. I took his pistol and cartridge belt. Hawk-Stays-Up struck second (coup) on his body.

"Ho hecheta! That was a fight, a hard fight. But it was a glorious battle. I enjoyed it . . ."

Later, a relative of White Bull named Bad Soup who knew Custer by sight, identified the body. Unfortunately, White Bull did not retain possession of Custer's revolver and cartridge belt, and many years later could not recall what had happened to them.

On the fiftieth anniversary of Custer's Last Stand held on the battlefield, Chief White Bull led a group of eighty Sioux and Cheyenne survivors of the fight. This fact was highly significant. Mr. Vestal, a lifelong student and writer of Indian psychology and customs, wrote: "Nobody who knows the Plains Indians can doubt that the man who killed Custer, if living, would be named to lead that Indian column."

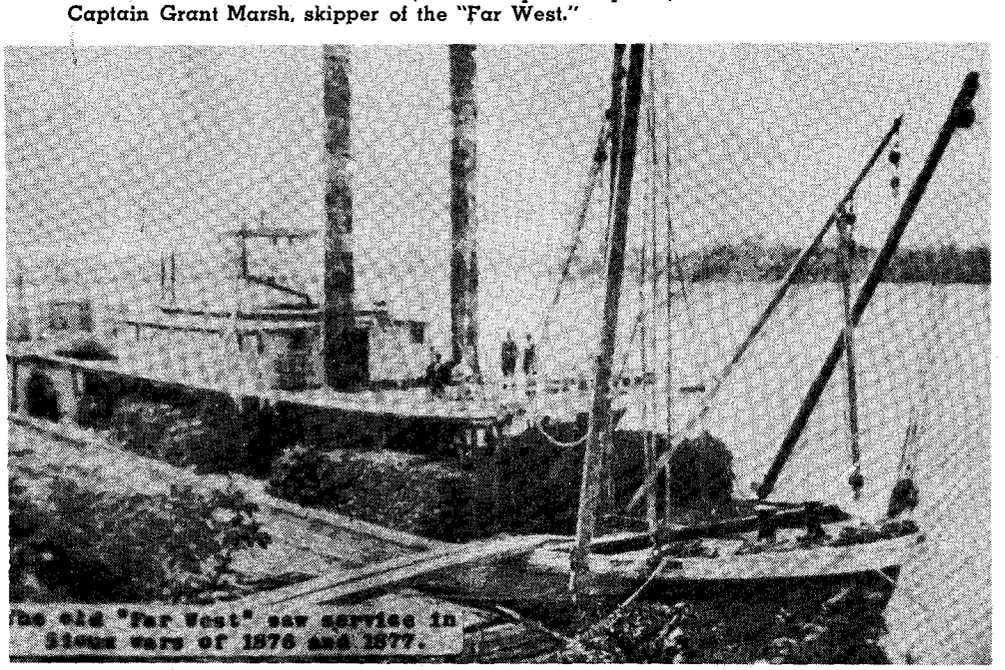
And so, after eighty-one years, the mystery of the Indian who killed Custer is apparently solved.

FIFTY-TWO wounded were taken from the commands of Reno and Benteen to the *Far West;* transported in crude litters rigged from the hides of dead horses. A special place was provided in the stern of the vessel for Captain Keogh's wounded horse, Comanche.

General Terry himself made the agonizing journey with the wounded to the *Far West* and spoke with Grant Marsh just before the skipper cast off for the long, hazardous trip to Fort Lincoln. Though he mentioned no names, Terry made a stinging statement by implication on the military skill of the dead Custer. Never again did the General do other than defend Custer, but on that gloomy day in July, 1876, he was speaking from an anguished mind that gave not a thought to Army ethics.

"Captain, you are about to start on a trip with fifty-two wounded men on your boat. This is a bad river to navigate and accidents are likely to happen. I wish to ask of you that you use all the skill

Below Left: The old "Far West" (from badly faded photo) saw service in the Sioux Wars in 1876-77. Below Right: A rare photo of Captain Grant Marsh, skipper of the "Far West."



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you possess, all the caution you can command, to make the journey safely. You have on board the most precious cargo a boat ever carried. Every soldier here who is suffering from wounds is the victim of a blunder; a sad and terrible blunder."

Captain Marsh silently pledged to do his best with a firm handshake. Terry, shaken with emotion, turned on his heel and strode away.

"I went back to my vessel and prayed to God that I would get them through," wrote Marsh later. "I had to proceed with caution, yet I had to get them to hospital *fast* or many lives would be lost. Caution with speed—was it possible? I doubt that ever a steamboat captain was confronted with such a fearful problem as I faced that day. I could only kneel and humbly beg the Almighty to help me."

The *Far West* began its epic mercy trip on the evening of July 3, through 710 miles of as rough a river passage as American waterways afforded. Much of the voyage was through turbulent, uncharted waters: first the twisted, tortuous passages of the Little Big Horn, then the Big Horn itself, and finally the turgid, mighty Yellowstone.

Pushing the steamer's boilers to the "very limit of safety," but not daring to tie down his safety valves for fear of risking a disastrous explosion, Captain Marsh reached the Yellowstone late on the afternoon of July 4 and remained there to ferry General Gibbon's command to the opposite side of the river. The fuming skipper gritted his teeth to hold back a sulphurous outburst at the delay, but—knowing from experience that there was no use protesting the inexplicable ways of the Army—he managed to keep silent.

Barely had the last trooper left the gangplank when Marsh bawled "Cast off!" and the dramatic race against death resumed. Doubled shifts of sweating firemen kept the boilers "wooded up" while the skipper and rugged river pilot Dave Campbell took four-hour shifts at the wheel around the clock. Shuddering and groaning under a towering head of steam, the little *Far West* churned on toward Bismarck. Once, at a point where the river narrowed, a band of Sioux raced their ponies abreast of the steamer firing their rifles at the hated *Peyta Watah* (fireboat) of the whites. Marsh grinned a twisted grin and pulled at his whistle-cord. The Sioux ponies took off in wild stampede at the shrieking blast of sound.

Reaching the Missouri, the steamer stopped briefly to discharge a wounded Indian scout at Fort Buford. People swarmed to the wharf to demand news, but Captain Marsh waved them brusquely away. "Move out!" he called to his pilot—and the *Far West's* paddle wheels bit into the current in a great *whoosh* of sound as the little boat swung away from the wharf.

At Fort Stevenson, Marsh halted the *Far West* to take on badly needed supplies and to drape the steamer's derrick and jackstaff in mourning black. A brief prayer service was conducted on deck, and again the sturdy river boat cast off and continued its mad dash down the Missouri.

At 11 p.m. on July 5, the *Far West* arrived at Bismarck, having averaged nearly 350 miles a day; a new record that remains unbroken to this day. Better yet, the weary Captain Marsh had virtually won his desperate race with death for only one man had died en route. "God was aboard the *Far West*, granting us a miracle," was the skipper's explanation. Army doctors at Fort Lincoln, after examining the wounded, fervently agreed.

The glorious trip of the *Far West* became a classic of American river lore, but to the public in general—dazed with the tragic news of the Custer disaster—the marvelous feat of Captain Marsh and his hardy crew went practically unnoticed. Today, the rash, foolhardy Custer remains a popular hero while Captain Grant Marsh has been all but forgotten.

WHILE the above dramatic events were taking place, the victory-flushed Sioux were all for attacking the white soldiers again and rubbing them out. Sitting Bull counselled against this. Already, within a few days of the Custer battle, the aroused Army was making plans to march again—and this time in great force. Sitting Bull's scouts spotted the military on the move, and the wise Hunkpapa chief knew that his string was running out. Since he did not intend to join Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and the other Lakota chieftains now sitting "on the white man's island," and he did not have the strength to fight again successfully, there was left only flight. "We have two ways to go," said Sitting Bull to a council of chiefs and headmen, "north to the land of the Grandmother (Queen Victoria) or south to the land of the Spaniards. Otherwise, our bones will soon whiten on the prairie like those of *Pte* (the buffalo)."

Actually, the harried Sioux had little choice but to head north to Canada; the land of the Spaniards was many sleeps away, and a strange, hot inhospitable land to boot. Sitting Bull recalled that his own grandfather had said the Red Coats were good people and the Sioux could always trust them as friends. "It is useless to sit like wailing old men and mourn our lost country," added Bull. "The white men cover the land and keep on coming. We must go before they destroy us all."

Crazy Horse shook his head at the counsel. "This is the end," he said in somber resignation. "We have whipped the soldiers twice and still it is not enough. We cannot escape by running away, for some day we shall have to come back when the Red Coats tire of us. I will stay in my own country and face whatever comes."

Sitting Bull replied: "I do not wish to die yet."

So the Sioux split up: Crazy Horse and his band moving off toward the Big Horn Mountains, while Sitting Bull and his followers leisurely prepared to strike out for Canada.

Other bands of Sioux headed for their Agencies; among these the Oglala chief American Horse—or Iron Shield, as he was known to the Indians—and his band of forty lodges. American Horse had reached Slim Buttes on his way in when he had the bad luck to run into General Crook. The crafty Gray Fox, his courage restored since his defeat at the Rosebud, was out hunting Indians. Upon encountering American Horse and his band, he decided to "jump them before they could get to the Agency. The little matter of treaty law allowing the Indians to hunt off their reservations did not deter General Crook. His advance guard of 150 men attacked the handful of warriors under American Horse, pinning them down among the rocks until the General's main force of 2,000 came up. A few Indians escaped, scattering in the hills. Several of the younger braves ran thirty miles to Sitting Bull's camp at Twin Buttes on Grand River to seek help.

By the time Crook arrived on the scene, the fighting had simmered down in area to a dead-end gulch where American Horse, four warriors, and fifteen women and children were holed up in a cave. The soldiers had charged the beleaguered Sioux twice during the day and twice had been repulsed. A white scout and a soldier had been killed, an officer and eight men wounded. When Crook sent Frank Grouard forward to urge American Horse to surrender, the chief scorned the traitor's offer and said scornfully, "Come and get me!"

The shooting continued until Crook persuaded the women and children to come out. American Horse and his braves remained in the cave, rejecting surrender and shouting that Crazy Horse would avenge them. But Crazy Horse was far away, and Sitting Bull, when he finally arrived with his warriors, could do nothing to save them—Three Stars' force was too strong.

FINALLY American Horse was mortally hit and the one-sided fight was over. The tall chief was led out of the smoke-filled cave, a warrior supporting him tenderly on either side. His wound was in the belly, and he held in his torn bowels with tightly clenched hands. Sweat poured off his face in streams, but he made no sound of pain. Somehow, with his left forearm pressed against his gaping, blood-streaming wound, American Horse managed to stand upright to surrender his rifle to Crook. The General motioned him to sit before the fire. With the help of his warriors, the dying chief wrapped his blanket tightly around his lead-slashed belly and sat down near the blaze. Within a few seconds, still stoically silent, he fell forward dead.

Waiting until the soldiers had moved off, Sitting Bull moved in to pick up the dead and wounded Sioux. The Hunkpapa leader found a situation that tore at his heart and made it hot with anger against the soldiers. At one spot he discovered an old man and two women lying dead; at another a young woman with her suckling child. Both were dead, the baby had been hit in the head. Another woman, about to become a mother, had run away frightened when the shooting started. Her terror and exertion had caused her to drop the unborn child; Sitting Bull found it lying dead in the mud. Incredibly, the mother survived.

The body of a nine-year-old girl was found; also the corpse of a woman whose head had been blown off, and the body of another who had been shot through the breasts.

"Look well upon the bodies of these, our helpless ones!" Sitting Bull cried ringingly to his warriors. "Think you that peace can be made with men who slaughter women and children?"

Crook had left his captives in the abandoned Indian camp, with a message for Sitting Bull. "White men do not make war upon women and children." Three Stars had written. He had added that the Army would keep after all "hostile Indians until the last one had been killed or made prisoner. Tell your chiefs to give up at once, instead of exposing their wives and children to accidents."

AFTER the terrible affair at Slim Buttes, Sitting Bull moved his camp

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A rare photo of famous Indian chiefs. Front row, left to right: Sitting Bull, Swift Bear, Spotted Tail and Red Cloud. Back row, left to right: Bordig, Warren and Meyer. Photo courtesy Union Pacific Railroad.

northward to his old hunting grounds along the Yellowstone. Foremost in his mind was the plan to seek sanctuary for his hunted band in Canada, but there was much to be done first. His people were hungry; the warriors would have to do much hunting to replenish the camp's empty larder. The journey to the Yellowstone was made in leisurely fashion to allow the fatigued women and children and old men to regain their strength.

About the middle of October, Colonel Nelson A. Miles arrived on the Yellowstone to command the troops in that area and ramrod the roundup of the hostiles. The Sioux got wind of this immediately and took the initiative by attacking a wagon train bringing in supplies to the soldiers' cantonment on Tongue River. The military escort guarding the train held them off, and Sitting Bull sent a note to the troopers' commander, Colonel E. S. Otis. This epistle, written at the chief's dictation by the fugitive half-breed Johnny "Big Leggin's" Brughiere, was certainly the most remarkable message ever received by an Army officer on the frontier. Pathetic in its naiveté, it reveals just how great was the chasm between the Stone Age reasoning of the Plains Indian and that of his white conqueror:

"I want to know what you are doing on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't, I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here.

I am your friend
Sitting Bull

"I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can."

Understandably staggered by this ingenuous communication from one of the most feared of the hostile Sioux chiefs, Colonel Otis wrote no note in reply. Instead, he left bacon and hardtack for the Sioux and hurried back to the main body of troops. Brughiere, an expert at the devious game of playing both ends against the middle, arranged for Sitting Bull to meet Colonel (later General) Miles on October 20. Big Leggin's handled the interpreting chores at this parley.

Nothing was achieved at this first parley, so Miles and the chief met the following day with Brughiere again suavely doing the honors. The talk quickly became heated, with both Sitting Bull and Miles accusing the other of unwarranted aggression. Finally, in anger, Miles rode back to his own lines and ordered his men to fire on the Sioux. One Indian was wounded, probably by a wild shot.

Wily Johnny Brughiere, with his sure instinct for being on the winning side, promptly deserted Sitting Bull to join Miles. Johnny bustled around the country telling some of the less resolute Sioux to go into the Agencies and surrender their horses and guns and the generous white men would feed them. "Otherwise," warned Brughiere, "you will all be hunted down and killed."

Congress fell into line by enacting a law providing that the Sioux must forfeit all claim to the Powder River country previously granted to them in perpetuity by solemn treaty, and also give up the Black Hills. If they failed to do this, no subsistence would be furnished them.

THIS was a knockout blow to the Sioux. One by one the chiefs surrendered until only Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were left free. Time was running out fast for the prairie Indian, and both the wise "old man chief" of the Hunkpapas and the brilliant, brooding Strange Man of the Oglalas realized that grim fact. But, characteristically, each reacted to the inevitable in different ways. Sitting Bull, the realist, coolly planned to postpone the inevitable as long as possible; Crazy Horse, the fatalist, resigned himself to meet his fate.

Slowly, almost as if daring the soldiers to try to stop him, Sitting Bull led his people north into the land of the Red Coats. Ironically, he crossed the line in May of 1877, at about the same time that Crazy Horse and his band rode into Camp Robinson—renamed Fort Robinson in 1878—and surrendered. The followers of Crazy Horse, numbering nearly 900, gave up 117 firearms; ancient muzzle-loading trade guns, cap-lock rifles, cap-and-ball revolvers, a few cartridge rifles, cavalry carbines, and

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Curly, a Crow Scout, who claimed to have survived the Custer fight in 1876.

about a dozen Winchesters, including the treasured weapon of Crazy Horse himself. 1700 horses were turned over to the Indian Government scouts, who received the windfall with whoops of joy. Crazy Horse watched sadly as the horses were led away; then said to his headmen, Little Hawk, Big Road, He Dog and Little Big Man: "It is over, my brothers. We have no guns, we cannot fight; we have no horses, we cannot run away. Now we shall see if our friends are true or false, for a friend to a helpless man is the only true friend."

Quickly, the young Oglala leader found out what he wished to know. Red Cloud was already at Camp Robinson—the nearby Agency had been named in his honor—and made him welcome. But the aging chief of the Oglala band of Bad Faces was an intensely ambitious and jealous man, and he wanted above all else to be head chief of all the Lakotas. Already he was working toward that objective. Red Cloud Agency seethed with intrigue, and Crazy Horse could feel the tension. He smoked with Red Cloud, but left him with a vague feeling of unease and impending trouble. There was no peace to be had here. Nothing was as it used to be; brother had turned against brother to curry favor with the all-powerful whites. Every wind that blew in off the prairie seemed to bring with it new rumors of treachery, and nobody knew where he stood or if his old friends were actually secret enemies.

SURELY Crazy Horse's aloof, independent attitude did nothing to help his cause with the military authorities at Camp Robinson, and that perhaps was one reason for the persistent rumor that he planned to soon return to the warpath after murdering his old enemy, General Crook. The waves of gossip blew this way and that, like lodge smoke in the wind. Crazy Horse was about to break out and rejoin Sitting Bull in Canada; Crazy Horse was to be made head chief over all the Lakotas and taken to Washington to meet the Great Father and there receive a medal. Many of Crazy Horse's own warriors, their hard, clean loyalty softened and tarnished by living "on the white man's island," became jealous of their Strange Man and conspired against him. Frank Grouard, "The Grabber," solemnly warned the nervous soldier-chiefs that Crazy Horse would never become a "coffee-cooler," a "white man's Indian." Looking at his regal bearing, the whites could easily believe the fast-spreading lies that Crazy Horse would again go on the warpath that summer. The fact that the Oglala ex-war chief had no guns or horses with which to make war, made no difference to the vicious gossipers and their apprehensive listeners.

The situation came to a head with Three Stars' visit to the reservation. A council was held on the flats two miles southeast of the Agency. General Crook and his staff met with chiefs of the Oglalas, Brules, Minneconjous, Cheyennes and Blue Clouds. Billy Garnett interpreted. Dr. Mari Sandoz, in her unforgettable book *Crazy Horse,* gives a graphic picture of the occasion.

WHITE man and red man smoked, and then Young Man Afraid made the speech of welcome to his white brothers. Young Man was courteous, but mentioned the fact that the promises made to the Indians had not been fulfilled: It was simply the reprise to an old, monotonous song, but Young Man wanted the General to know how he felt about it anyhow.

Looking straight at Three Stars, he said slowly and clearly: "When the scouts were with you last winter they told you what we wanted and you promised strong to help us. So we sent word to Crazy Horse that when they came in we would have an Agency in our own country. We are shamed before them that this has not been made true, but now you are here and we remind you so you will not forget."

That put the point of the council squarely up to Crook, but the canny Gray Fox was not yet ready to talk. He motioned to Crazy Horse to stand and speak, but the chief ignored the gesture. His friend Little Hawk rose to speak in his place. The old Oglala was angry and his deep voice rang out in an imperious manner that won Crook's attention at once.

"Yes, I have been what you white men call a hostile and I am not sorry. We lived in our own country, in the way our fathers and fathers' fathers lived before us, and we sought trouble with no men. But the soldiers came into our country and fired upon us and we fought back. Is it so bad to fight in defense of one's country and loved ones? Remember that it was not the Indian who made war in the white man's country, but always the whites pushing in, killing our women and children, burning our homes, taking everything from us.

"Finally your scouts came to us, saying that if we would stop fighting and come in to Three Stars, he would help us get an Agency in our own country. We were tired of fighting and running from the soldiers, so we came. And now that we are here, we understand that we are to be pushed into another place, an unknown country. (Here Little Hawk probably referred to a recent report that the Sioux were to be sent to distant Oklahoma Territory or somewhere along the Missouri.)

Little Hawk drew himself up to his full height, staring at Crook and deliberately waiting until he caught the General's eye. "I have only one more thing to say," he finished coldly. *"Are you the same man the scouts represented to us as being the great Three Stars, the soldier-chief who speaks to all men with a straight tongue?*

Crook's face flushed beneath his beard as Garnett translated. He sat for a moment in silence, composing himself and formulating his reply before he rose to speak. Finally, in complete control of his temper, he rose and began to talk. His gray eyes glittered like ice, but his voice was soft and silky-smooth:

"I am very glad to see you all doing well on the Agencies," he smiled, ignoring Little Hawk's pointed question. "Also, you must realize that it was not me or my soldiers who wished to enter your country and fight you, but the will of the Great Father in Washington who we must all obey. And you Indians were always quick to shoot at us when we entered your country—"

"But is was the *Indians'* country!" cried out a young brave apparently unfamiliar with the time-honored Army

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custom of passing the buck. "Would not the white man fight back if the Indian invaded *his* country?"

The General affected not to hear the interruption. "When the stragglers are all in from the north country," he continued blandly, "we will go to Washington and I will ask help from the President. There is a new Great Father there (President Hayes), not the one some of you saw. He is very busy, but we will go when he has more time. And in the moon for the late summer hunt I shall let you go to the north country as I promised you."

Most of the Indians cried *"Hou-hou!"* in approval at this fine talk. Crazy Horse said nothing; he had heard Three Stars' smooth talk in council before. "Have you ever known the Gray Fox to change his song?" he asked Little Hawk sardonically. His heart was sore within him as he left the council and went back to his lodge, three miles from the Agency.

BAD things happened rapidly now. The Cheyennes were taken south to the hot, unhealthy country of the Indian (Oklahoma) Territory. News came that the white soldiers were fighting the Nez Perces. This was a great shock to the Sioux, for the Nez Perces had always been friendly to the whites. "If the Nez Perces are not safe from attack in their mountains and valleys, who *can* be safe?" men asked themselves uneasily. No answer was given in words—but all knew the answer.

Another council was called, with Lieutenant W. P. Clark—known as White Hat to the Indians—representing General Crook. Crazy Horse and his seven-foot cousin, the Minneconjou Chief Touch-the-Clouds, were there with their headmen. Frank Grouard and Louis Bordeaux interpreted.

Lieutenant Clark started the council off by telling some startling facts on the fighting with the Nez Perces. The soldiers had chased Chief Joseph and his braves clear from their own country into the north-land of the Sioux. White Hat came quickly to his reason for calling the council: Bear Coat (General Miles, recently promoted from Colonel) and The One-Armed One (General Howard) needed Crazy Horse and his warriors to act as scouts in the fighting.

"No," replied Crazy Horse firmly. "We are done with fighting—we want to live quietly and at peace with all men, as you white men have promised that we could do if we surrendered. Yes, we want to go to our north country, but to hunt buffalo—not to fight the Nez Perces. We gave up our guns and horses because we were tired of fighting; now the Great Father and Three Stars and you, who we thought our friend, want us to fight again. *No!"*

Around Crazy Horse, as he finished talking in his soft voice that never became excited, the Sioux made the *"Hou-hou!"* sounds of approval. Clark's face darkened in anger as he listened to Grouard's translation.

"You can't go to the north to hunt! There is fighting there—I must have scouts to help us whip the Nez Perces!" shouted White Hat.

Crazy Horse bowed his head a moment in thought—then looked up and spread his hands in a gesture of assent. "We came to talk of peace, we are tired of war and of all this loud talk of war. We have been lied to and fooled by the whites, and now it is the same thing all over again. Still we want to do what is asked of us—we do not want to make trouble. If the Great Father, if Three Stars, if *you* want us to fight, we will go north and fight until not a Nez Perce is left.

White Bull, a Sioux Chief, who displays an evident sign of "keen scents."

Swiftly The Grabber translated this, speaking very rapidly. Word for word, he repeated in English what Crazy Horse had said until he came to the end. "We will go north and fight until not a *white man* is left," finished Grouard.

To the utter amazement of the Indians, White Hat jumped suddenly to his feet and began to rave at them in fury. Bordeaux spoke sharply to Grouard, accusing him bitterly of twisting Crazy Horse's words. The Grabber snarled back at Bordeaux, and ran out the door. Bordeaux shrugged his shoulders in cynical resignation and sat down. The half-Indian son of old Jim Bordeaux, the trader, was so disgusted he flatly refused to interpret further. In roaring frustration, Clark sent for Billy Garnett to finish up the interpreting job. White Hat began all over again, vehemently urging Crazy Horse to go north and fight the Nez Perces. The chief looked at the fuming Lieutenant as if he feared he'd lost his mind.

"I have *said* that we will go. We will take lodges and women and hunt after the scouting—"

"NO!" thundered Clark. "No lodges, no women, no hunting! We go to *fight!"*

Crazy Horse arose at once and wrapped his red blanket around him. "This white man is *witko* (crazy)" he said to his braves. "Let us go home before he starts yelling *again."*

Quietly the Oglalas followed their young leader out of the room to an accompaniment of Clark's bawled curses.

CRAZY HORSE had another problem to solve, more immediate and pressing than trying to figure out the weird vagaries of the soldier-chiefs. His young mixed-blood wife, Black Shawl, was desperately ill with the "coughing sickness" (tuberculosis). Differences of opinion cloud the events of these days in Crazy Horse's life; several noted writers disagreeing as to just what happened. Stanley Vestal, in *Warpath and Council Fire,* writes: "She (Black Shawl) fell ill with tuberculosis, and the restless chief asked permission to take her to the Brule Agency of his uncle, Spotted Tail, there to put her in the care of Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, whom he trusted."

Dr. McGillycuddy himself, in a statement written for E. V. Brininstool's book *Crazy Horse,* says: "I became a close friend of Crazy Horse after his surrender at Fort Robinson in the spring of 1877, by reason of the fact that it became part of my duty, as assistant post surgeon, to look after such Indians, friendly or hostile, as required medical attention, and his wife, who was afflicted with tuberculosis, came under my care . . ."

Hence, since Dr. McGillycuddy was stationed at Robinson, it would seem that Crazy Horse took his wife to the Brule Agency simply to visit—or perhaps, to live with until her death—her Indian relatives there. It was well

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known that the girl, daughter of a half-breed named Louis Richard, was not happy at Camp Robinson. Her father, furious at her Indian-style marriage to Crazy Horse, had appealed to General Crook to have the girl returned to her home. As she had already informed the Agent that she loved her husband and was determined to remain with him, Crook's agent had no luck persuading her to go back to her father. The officer then resorted to threats. Crazy Horse promptly ordered the officer to leave his lodge, adding laconically:

"Tell Gray Fox (Crook) to come and take her!"

In any event, no matter what the circumstances prompting his decision, Crazy Horse evidently believed that the best place for his beautiful, sick wife was with her mother's people at Spotted Tail. Accordingly, adhering to regulations, he asked permission of his own Agent to make the trip. Permission was refused. On September 4, Crazy Horse carried Black Shawl in his arms out of his lodge and placed her frail form tenderly in a travois for the forty-mile journey to the Brule Agency. He, with two friends, Shell Boy and Kicking Bear, was well on his way before his absence was noted. More than fifty Indian Government scouts were sent to arrest him and bring him back.

They never caught him. Craftily conserving the strength of their horses by running them down hill and walking them up hill, Crazy Horse and his two warrior friends reached the camp of his cousin Touch-the-Clouds ahead of the scouts. The giant Minneconjous chief promptly sent out his braves to harry the Government Indians and hold them back until Crazy Horse had a safe lead.

Captain Lee, the Military Agent at Spotted Tail, came out to meet Crazy Horse and tell him that he must return at once to Camp Robinson. While Lee was talking to the chief, Spotted Tail came dashing up at the head of two hundred warriors and added his loud voice to that of Captain Lee. Spotted Tail, like Red Cloud, was hoping to be appointed head chief of all the Lakotas by the Great Father in Washington, and didn't want his famous nephew around to cramp his style. He made no mention of his blood relationship to Crazy Horse in his bombastic and threatening speech, and warned him that if he came to "his Agency" he must "do everything I say!"

Touch-the-Cloud's Minneconjous, who had followed Crazy Horse and the Government scouts to the Agency, roared angrily at this and got ready to fight. Crazy Horse raised his hand and said wearily: "No, my brothers, do not fight on my account. I will take my wife to the lodge of her people, and then I will talk with the soldier-chief here and settle this matter."

The talk was one-sided, with Captain Lee repeating that the chief must return at once to Camp Robinson. He could stay with his cousin and friend Touch-the-Clouds for the night, and in the morning he must start back. Lee promised to tell the commandant at Robinson—General Bradley—why Crazy Horse had defied orders and come to Spotted Tail. The Captain also promised that Crazy Horse should be allowed to explain to the soldier-chief how his words at the council had been twisted by the treacherous Grabber.

SO it was arranged. Captain Lee and the interpreter Bordeaux accompanied the party the next morning, along with Touch-the-Clouds, Black Crow and High Bear, riding in an ambulance. Crazy Horse rode behind the ambulance with a group of his friends. "Do not fear, my chief," said one young brave. "The bad times are over—we have the soldier-chief's word that the truth will be told."

The Strange Man of the Oglalas smiled sadly. "No, my brother," he replied quietly, "the bad times for the Lakotas have just begun."

Fifteen miles out from the Brule Agency, small groups of Spotted Tail's Government scouts began overtaking the party. Five miles further along, about half-way to Camp Robinson, Crazy Horse was surrounded by forty Lakotas wearing the soldier uniform of the white men. All pretense was discarded; the famed Oglala was now a prisoner.

Mr. Brininstool quotes Captain Lee at this point as saying:

"He (Crazy Horse) seemed nervous and bewildered, and his serious expression seemed to show he was doubtful of the outcome. I tried to reassure his friends by telling them that I would do exactly as I had promised in presenting his case.

"When within 15 miles of Red Cloud (Agency) I sent a note to (Lieutenant) Clark by a swift Indian courier, asking whether I should take Crazy Horse to the post or to the Agency. I stated briefly and explicitly that we had to use tact and discretion in securing Crazy Horse without serious trouble, and that *we had promised that he might state his case . . .*"

Lieutenant Clark sent back a curt and enigmatic answer: "Dear Lee: General Bradley wishes you to drive direct to his office with Crazy Horse. Yours, Clark."

Captain Lee was alarmed at the unspoken implications in this brief message. The guardhouse was next to General Bradley's office, and it looked as if Crazy Horse was to be placed there immediately upon his arrival at the post.

Lee's hunch was correct. "We proceeded to the post," he wrote, "my Indians on either side of the ambulance, with guns ready for instant use, and Crazy Horse in the center. Upon arriving at the Commanding Officer's office, I was met by the Adjutant, who informed me that the General directed that Crazy Horse be turned over to the officer of the day. I said, 'no, not yet,' and asked if Crazy Horse could say a few words to the Commanding Officer before this was done. I was referred to the General."

THE worried Captain had Crazy Horse dismount, go to the office and sit down with Touch-the-Clouds and four other warriors, while he went to Bradley's quarters to argue for his prisoner. The effort was useless; Bradley stated that mandatory orders from "higher up" had superseded his authority in the case. Lee persisted in trying to get Crazy Horse a hearing. Bradley stared coldly at his subordinate officer a long moment, then declared that it was too late to talk. "Surrender him to the officer of the day," directed the General, "and have him informed that *not a hair of his head will be harmed.*" Lee saluted and returned to his prisoner.

"I told Crazy Horse 'The night is coming on and the soldier-chief said it was too late for a talk; that he said to go with the officer of the day, and that he would be taken care of, *and not a hair of his head should be harmed.*' "

Crazy Horse arose after Lee's words were translated for him, smiled, and

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went to Captain Kennington, the officer of the day, and shook his hand. Willingly he walked with Kennington and two soldiers of the guard to the guardhouse. Little Big Man, a former friend and head warrior of the chief, but now a man corroded with unreasoning jealousy, walked behind Crazy Horse and jeered at him. *"Hai,* great war-chief of the Oglalas, where is your fiery spirit *now*? You walk like one of the white man's cattle, led by the nose to your stall!" Crazy Horse ignored him.

Not until he was inside the main door of the guardhouse and saw the dungeon cells with their chained prisoners, did the chief appear to realize the grim fate in store for him. Then, making the fierce *Wagh-h-h* sound of the fighting grizzly deep in his throat, he whipped a long knife from beneath his blanket and began to slash around him in a desperate effort to escape.

The treacherous Little Big Man grabbed Crazy Horse's arms from behind, and the chief dragged him through the door into the open. Here the Brule scouts, Swift Bear, Black Crow and Fast Thunder, closed in on the struggling Oglala, while Captain Kennington, trying to get in a thrust with his sword, yelled: "Stab him! *Kill* the son-of-a-bitch!"

Little Big Man reeled away, one arm streaming blood from a knife wound. Swift Bear and Black Crow now seized the panting chief from both sides and held him fast, pinning him so tightly that the guard, rushing up from behind, could not miss the helpless, living target with his bayonet. The blade entered the chief's back deeply on the right side, inflicting a mortal wound. Sudden silence descended upon the violent scene, immobilizing participants and spectators alike as if stricken by a pall of horror. In the vibrant stillness, the soft voice of the wounded chief sounded with startling clarity:

"Let me go, my friends. You have got me hurt enough."

Swift Bear and Black Crow released their grip on Crazy Horse's arms. The chief took one staggering step, his face contorted with agony; then sank to the ground.

THE wailing *Ai-ee* of despair rose from the watching Oglalas and Minneconjous as he fell. Quickly, before the Lakotas had recovered from their shock, soldiers picked Crazy Horse up and carried him into General Bradley's office.

"Anybody here named Snookems-itty-bitty-lamby-pie?"

Touch-the-Clouds at once asked permission to take Crazy Horse to his lodge, but was refused. The giant Minneconjou then requested that he be allowed to remain with Crazy Horse in the office until he died. This request was granted on condition that he surrender his gun. Years later, Captain (then General) Lee recalled with shamefaced emotion Touch-the-Clouds' remarkable reply:

"You may not trust me, but I will trust you. You can take my gun."

Moaning and muttering in his fevered delirium, Crazy Horse lay beneath his blood-stained red blanket on the floor of General Bradley's office, alone save for the faithful Touch-the-Clouds. Twice, when the dying brave cried aloud in his pain, Dr. McGillycuddy came and administered a sedative. Under the anesthetic, Crazy Horse's delirious outbursts subsided to a low growling at the enemies he fancied still encircled him.

Near midnight the breathing of the stricken chief grew more labored, and Touch-the-Clouds knew that death was not far off. Crazy Horse's old father, Worm, had now joined the Minneconjou chief after surrendering his bow and knife to the guard. Together, these two men who loved him waited for Crazy Horse's death.

Shortly past midnight, the dying warrior's breathing became rapid and shallow. He struggled hard for air, and his eyes opened. Worm leaned over him, crying out: "My son, my son!"

Crazy Horse's eyes focused briefly on his father. "Ah-h, my father," he gasped. "It is good that you have come—"

The light faded from his eyes; the tortured breathing sighed, faltered and stopped. The Strange Man of the Oglalas was dead.

Touch-the-Clouds knelt beside the body, drew the red, bloodsoaked blanket across the face, and said softly: "This is the lodge of Crazy Horse—the chief has gone above." Gently as a woman he took the arm of the weeping father and guided him from the room.

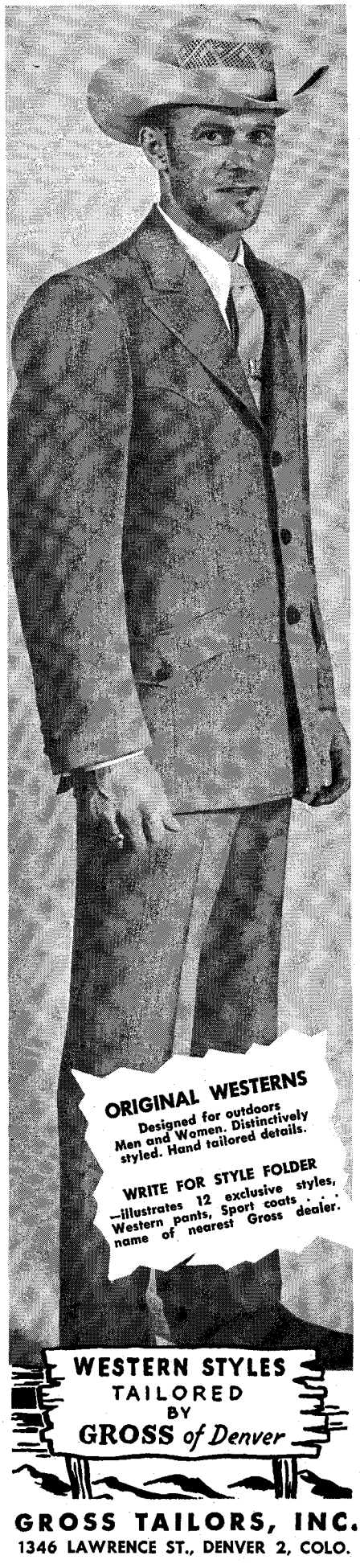
THE full extent of the white man's treachery to Crazy Horse was not disclosed until some time later when Captain Lee discovered that orders had been delivered from some high-ranking official—presumably from General Sheridan in Chicago to General Crook and then to General Bradley, to have Crazy Horse arrested and exiled for life to Florida. Lee wrote:

"A field officer of cavalry, then a captain of the Third Cavalry, has since informed me that his troop was detailed to take Crazy Horse from the guardhouse that night at midnight, and push on rapidly to the railroad, and from there he was to be sent a prisoner to Dry Tortugas, Florida.

"Manifestly this was the mandatory order which General Bradley had received from 'higher authority,' and, of course, he could neither suspend nor modify it in any way."

Writing to E. R. Brininstool long after the event, Dr. McGillycuddy was far less charitable. The bluff doctor minced no words in his blunt denunciation of the sordid affair and put the blame squarely where it belonged—on his fellow officers:

"Crazy Horse had the reputation among the whites and Indians generally of being a man of his word, and never breaking a promise; hence, it is my opinion that he had no intention of



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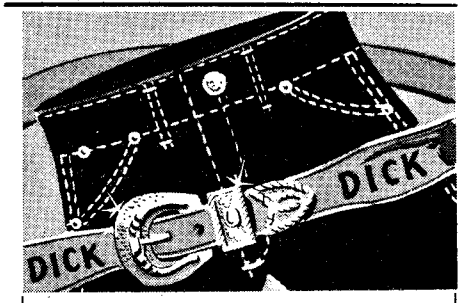

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again going on the warpath and joining Sitting Bull, as charged at the time of his arrest.

"A combination of treachery, jealousy and unreliable reports simply resulted in a frame-up, *and he was railroaded to his death.*

"It was well, however, for had the arrest been carried out successfully in imprisoning him in the guardhouse, he would have been sent through to the railroad that night, and hence to the Dry Tortugas as a prisoner for life."

AT dawn on the morning of September 6, 1877, the day after Crazy Horse was murdered, Touch-the-Clouds watched somberly as the aged, wailing parents of the young Oglala leader took his body into the hills to some secret place that they alone knew. As the travois passed him, the giant chief walked silently beside it for a few steps, one hand resting on Crazy Horse's breast. Halting, he stood straight as a pine, watching impassively as the sad little funeral party moved out of sight.

(To be concluded in next issue—if the author lasts that long.)

Author's Note:

Well, folks, your old Injun scribe has done goofed again! When Joe asked me how long the Sioux chapter to my tribal series would run, I blithely replied: "Oh, maybe 15,000 words. We can wrap it up in two parts." Famous last words—you know what happened next! At the end of Part Two, I had just finished up Custer's Last Stand. Now—at the end of Part Three—I've just finished writing of Crazy Horse's death. Still ahead lie Sitting Bull's return from Canada, his murder, the Ghost Dance trouble, and the "Battle" of Wounded Knee. Right now I'm too pooped to pop—but if you folks want me to finish her up, I'll do my durndest!

—NBW

Dr. McCall (right) and M. I. Broxton.

The Lost Apache Mine

(Continued from page 9)

Finally, with his right hand aimed at about the middle of a hill across the Rio Grande in Mexico, he turned to the McCalls and said in a harsh voice, "This way."

HE struck out down the river, keeping on the Texas side. The ground was as rough as ground can be, and Solito went so fast that several times the McCalls had to flag him down. By ten o'clock the sun was boiling and the McCalls wished they had left their winter clothes in camp. They began seeing rattlesnakes crawling around the dagger-tipped *lechuguilla* and *sotol.* After about five hours of climbing, descending, and winding, Solito announced that he had missed the spring and must turn back. Shortly after they turned, he located it on a rocky hillside where the soil was so poor and the water so spare that no cottonwood or other growth marked it.

Tom McCall, his throat choked with dust, rasped that he would rather have his fill of that cool, fresh water than a mountain of gold. Solito said nothing until he had rested from his drink. Then ignoring Tom, he pointed to a steep little hill not far off and said, "Doctor McCall, that is where the gold is." He began walking towards the place slowly, the McCalls following. Once he looked back, and when he did the expression on his face shocked them. It was wild, savage, completely inhuman.

The Indian turned away and suddenly dropped to one knee. The two white men stopped dead. In a moment Solito gestured sharply with his arm for the doctor to approach. Tom McCall, wide-eyed, stayed behind. The more-than-half-Apache then bent over and knocked his fists against the rocky ground until the skin was beat off his knuckles. "Gold here," he said. "Forty-five feet down, pure gold."

Motioning to Tom McCall to come on, the doctor followed Solito. They went over the hill and down to the edge of a canyon. Pointing to rocks below, Solito said, "We went in there and got the gold." But no opening was visible. According to Solito, a cave ran back from the canyon into the hill. He said that falling rocks had killed men in it.

The short January day was growing late. The heat was subsiding. "We need meat," Solito announced, pointing to Dr. McCall's rifle, which he generally carries anywhere he goes and with which he is an expert shot. Solito began throwing rocks into the brushy canyon. In a minute three mule deer showed themselves, heading out on the other side. McCall raised his rifle and fired and a young buck dropped dead.

Back at camp the doctor wiped out the great skillet he had found and in it fried a great feast of venison, both liver and steak. Solito ate nothing else, and he ate more liver than steak. Before lying down, Dr. McCall wrapped dish cloths around the uncooked meat. Some time after midnight he heard Solito moving about. Solito explained that the weather was warm enough to bring out ants and that they were after the meat. He removed the cloth from what was left of the raw liver and put it, with a chunk of ham, in an empty lard can, fastening down the top.

WHEN McCall got up the next morning, well after daylight, he found Solito lying unconscious, face down. It developed that he had arisen early and eaten what was left of the liver—eaten it raw in Indian fashion. It had become poisoned from the tin.

"I wanted to take home a live man," McCall says. "We packed up as soon as we could, put Solito, a little recovered, in the back seat and drove for San Antonio."

The old man got a little better but did not recover. About four months later he died. Before he died he said to McCall, "I have showed you the gold. You know where it is and can go back to it."

It was over a year before McCall got back to the Maravillas and to the hill where Solito, pounding his fists on the rocks, had said, "Forty-five feet down, pure gold." He went alone this time,

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For twenty years, I have traveled the states west of the Mississippi River — in my private airplane, by auto, jeep, truck, horseback . . . and by footback. I can say I have been to the farthest branch of Crooked Creek, where the water is bitter and the coyotes think they are wolves. I've climbed the hills and mountains, explored ghost towns and lost diggings, read hundreds of ancient newspaper files brittle with age, studied the dusty archives, the courthouse records, court records in many cases of western law and order as well as wanted lists. I have interviewed hundreds of western folk, got their stories, what they knew about early law and order in their own section, and have studied just about every book and pamphlet ever written about the outlaws, highwaymen, sheriffs, marshals and Rangers in our great West for the period from 1850 to 1900. And during these many years I have made photostats, voice recordings, and scribbled this all down on notes, in note books, even on bits of wood or anything handy to write on. Last year I started assembling these thousands of notes getting this great work into focus and now have approximately three thousand biographies of the gunfighters, the officers, the outlaws and some citizens who were forced to draw arms. Since I also own the famous Rose Collection of approximately 2500 actual photographs of the Western Frontier, I feel that I can produce the most extensive work on this subject ever attempted.

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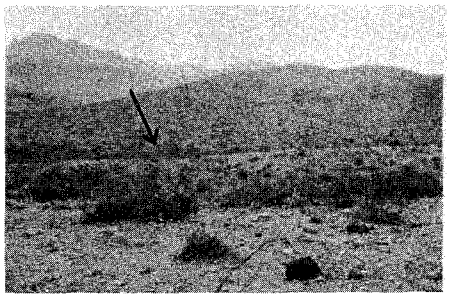
Adios, Amigos!

Ed Bartholomew, 114 Santa Fe Drive, Houston 17, Texas

carrying enough provisions in his Model-T Ford to last a month. He did not try to drive farther than Black Gap, where he got a pack burro. He loaded on a light bedroll, grub, and tools, and then rifle in hand, drove the burro to the spring at the mouth of the Maravillas. Here he made camp. His main object was to familiarize himself with the lay of the land and find out who owned Solito Hill—his private name for the mine site.



Arrow points to buried Apache Mine. This is on the Texas side of Solito Hill.

McCall stayed for five weeks. When he came out, he came in the night, crawling for about two-and-a-half miles on his hands and knees, sounding out for rattlesnakes ahead of him with a *sotol* stalk. It was the season of the year when the thermometer goes to 120 or above. He swore never to go back in summer.

He knew the lay of the land now, but who owned the minerals under Solito Hill? After 18 months of investigation and parleying, he leased mining rights on a section of Maravillas land.

In 1934 he managed to interest the enterprising promoter, Dr. Brinkley, of Del Rio, in mining prospects—Brinkley putting up money for preliminary work. McCall took two Americans with him and hired several "wet" Mexicans. A prospector named Burnham—he prospected with a hammer—was camped at the Maravillas springs. He had been taking rocks out of a cave right at the place in the canyon where Solito had pointed nine years before, saying, "we went in there."

Burnham had a piece of limestone rock, sprinkled with dolomite or quartz and evidently containing gold. It was as heavy as iron and weighed perhaps 15 pounds. McCall offered him $50 for it and showed him the cash. The prospector refused and sent the sample to an assayer in New Orleans, agreeing to take half of whatever it was worth for an analysis. A day or two before McCall came out, Burnham received a check on a New Orleans bank for $532. He died not long after this. He had told McCall that the rock came from the foot of Solito Hill, though he knew nothing of Solito's story.

McCall found no such rocks himself, but a sample of outcrop in the canyon under Solito Hill assayed $136 to the ton. He told Dr. Brinkley that it would take $30,000 to sink a major shaft and get the mine working. Brinkley, a sick man himself, wanted to invite in a man with money and leave McCall with only a one-third interest. McCall refused, and before long Brinkley died.

Solito Hill is still undeveloped. A good dirt road runs near it now. "If I owned all the gold in the Rocky Mountains, I'd still want to get in and develop this mine," McCall says. "It's on the only

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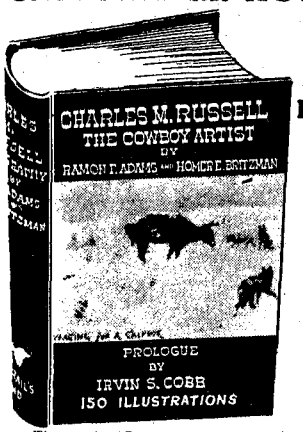

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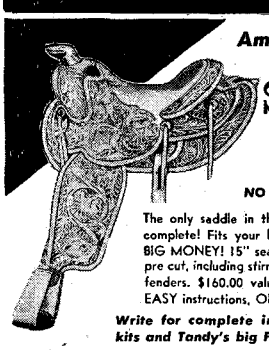

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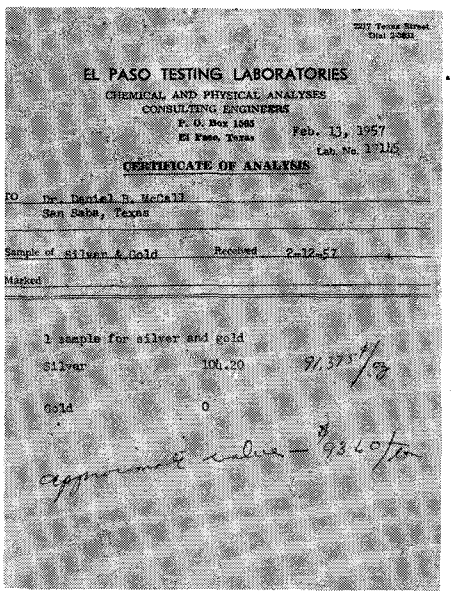
real frontier spot left in Texas. Some things seem to be meant for certain individuals. I may be the individual for whom this gold is meant. It sure was not meant for some other men who have tried for it. I am going to keep after it until I die or dig it out."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Assay report of ore found in Brewster County by Dr. McCall.

Recently, Dr. McCall reported finding geological evidence on Solito Hill that definitely suggests gold. "Two faults cross there," says McCall, "the metal trap is there—hard red lime that indicates gold. All I need is further development and an assay."

End of the Murrietta Gang

(Continued from page 17)

With pardonable sarcasm Luman said, "You stay here safe and don't move, while I get another gun."

The telegraph operator was trembling so violently that he couldn't speak, to say nothing of move.

Luman, when he got to his house, was so covered with blood that his wife did not know him. She didn't want to let him in. He did get in and got his rifle, but when he got back onto his front porch he was too weak to raise it. He had to watch helplessly as three of the gang escaped, including Cruz Lopez.

Luman's son Walter, a little child, ran out to his father and wrapped his arms around his legs. As he hung there it looked as though he had been wounded too. He was drenched with blood. However, no harm had been done him. The blood had all run from Luman's mouth over the boy's head.

Luman turned and staggered back into the house. His wife tried to help him lie down on their bed, but he said, "No, I'll lay on the floor. I can't last long. There's no sense in getting the bed all dirty."

He was a tough old Westerner though, as rugged as they came. He died in bed in Los Angeles, almost fifty years later.

THE three bandits who escaped were Cruz Lopez, Jesus Alvetro, who ran from Silas' empty gun into Luman's loaded one, and Alonzo Coto, the one man in the fight who was not hurt. When it looked as though all his comrades were dead, Coto ran into the store to make the trip worth something to him. He scooped up a number of pistols and ran out with them. As it chanced there was not a sound weapon in the lot. They were all ones that had been brought in for repairs. When he went out he found Lopez and Alvetro reviving. He helped them up onto their horses, mounted his own, and rode out past the unseen Luman, who helplessly watched them go.

Alverto was so badly wounded in the chest that the three could not make good time at all. They held up a rancher named Miller a few miles east of Campo. Then speed became more vital than before. Finally, they stopped. Cruz Lopez told Alvetro to get off his horse. He sat him up against a tree, pulled out his big six-shooter, and put it up against the injured man's head. This time there was no mistake, as there was with Luman Gaskill. Jesus Alvetro would never live to run away from another empty gun.

Cruz Lopez escaped, but he never really got away from Campo. He dodged the law for a year, dying slowly of his neck wound. The Frenchman's ball passed through his dirty collar on the way in, carrying lint with it. The infection which set in became an abscess. It covered his entire face before he died of it.

The Frenchman came to his senses about half an hour after he was shot. Thinking the town was in the hands of the gang he crawled away. Despite his wounds and two broken arms, he succeeded in getting over sixty-odd miles of rough country to San Diego. No one knows how he did it. From there he caught the steamer for San Francisco; he thought he could get better care there. He only lived long enough to get to a doctor's office.

The first man Luman shot, one Jose Alvio, revived and managed to get out of Campo. He became delirious that night as a result of his wound and returned to Campo, thinking he had gotten away and was in Mexico. He came knocking at Silas' door, asking for help. Silas locked him up. A doctor arrived, and said he'd die shortly. A posse of ranchers nabbed the one other man, Rafael Martinez, and locked him up with the dying man. A local figure named Jimmy Keys was posted as guard to see that no harm came to them.

That night a crowd of cowboys came into Campo, plied Jimmy Keys with firewater, and decorated the big oak by the store with a pair of bad men.

Only Alonzo Coto got away. A few years afterward the sheriff at El Paso sent word that he had Coto and would deliver him to Campo for $1,000. Silas and Luman talked it over and decided he wasn't worth the money to them.

WHAT happened to all the outlaws with the wagons? They just faded away when they saw what was happening to their experts in Campo's one dirt street.

More than one dangerous gang came through that way, robbing and killing, but the two Gaskill boys were never bothered again.

The members of the old Murrietta gang who got away always said, "Those Gaskills are devils. They can't be killed with lead bullets."

When Silas and Luman Gaskill finished off Joaquin's famous old outfit that December day of 1875, they also ended one of the most colorful chapters in the history of the Old West. No one was sorry to see it end.

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Dynamite On Hoofs!

(Continued from page 11)

see buffaloes calmly grazing on the National Bison Range near Moiese, Montana, not far from the site of the shipping of the Pablo-Allard herd, and 50 miles north of Missoula. Several hundred bison roam the hillsides or forage close to the high fence along the highway. To see the rare white buffalo bull, visitors must go to the fenced area of about 20 acres, where the albino is kept for show purposes along with a dozen or so ordinary buffaloes. Born in 1933, this albino, one of the rarest of animals, was given to the park by the U. S. Biological Survey. He is showing his years. Scientists call him a pied bison, rather than a true albino, because of his crown of shaggy black hair, dark horns and hoofs.

The National Bison Range, under Superintendent John Schwartz, is maintained by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Wainwright National Park, 150 miles west of Edmonton, was a 300-acre fenced-in reservation with ravines, lakes, wooded hillocks, and bunch grass, as ideal a range as the Flathead. Here the herd settled down contentedly. To make the forage hold up for the rapidly increasing numbers, each year more than 1000 two-year-olds were rounded up and moved northward to wild pasturage near Slave River.

By the 1930's, the job of keeping the herd from overrunning the range allotted them fell to Sam Purshell, Canadian sharpshooter who thinned them down at the rate of from 500 to 2000 a year. "I've killed more buffalo than any other living man," he said during the December, 1935, butchering. "I try to hit them between the eyes, the most vulnerable point."

To prepare for the kill, 1500 had been rounded up the previous week. From them, 500 were picked. Six butchers were kept busy dressing around 50 animals shot each day. This was no snap, since the buffalo's hide is unbelievably thick. The annual kill was made in November or December, when the cold weather made handling of the meat safe. Buffalo steak, resembling beef steak, finds a ready market. The hides were made into coats for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

In November of 1937, Purshell was killing them at the rate of 60 a day, to reduce the herd from 6500 to 4500, making a total of 10,000 butchered since the planting of the bison on the range. The same number were shot in November of the following year.

November of 1939 saw the closing of Wainwright National Park as a bison range by the Canadian government: it was needed as a training field for aviators. With the loss of their home, the world's largest buffalo herd, numbering 3000, was killed. The meat was sold to private contractors, and the hides, as in other years, used for the Mounted Police.

In 1954, Canada again had the world's largest buffalo herd, this time between 12,000 and 15,000 head, located at Wood Buffalo National Park, on the border between Alberta and the Northwest Territories. It is reduced in the same way as the first herd to keep it down to the size the range can support. About 500 were slaughtered in December. The meat is sold to the Indian affairs branch for Indians in need of fresh meat, to church missions, and Hudson's

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BY 1926, the buffalo in the National Bison Range in Montana had increased so that they were within 60 or 70% of the largest number ever confined in the Flathead Valley. In 1946, 100 were butchered at Moeise headquarters, and 25 sold to individuals for exhibition and breeding purposes, leaving a herd of 475.

The Flathead buffalo have provided the start of privately owned herds and added to the stock of city zoos over the country. As an example of the former, R. A. Perkins of Fairbanks, Alaska, in 1928 bought 19 head from the Flathead reservation. By 1938, this herd numbered 140, and in 1953 it had increased to 200—minus the eight which jet pilots of the 416th jet fighter squadron mistook for barrel targets in practice bombing attacks. Further inroads on the wild buffalo were prevented when the Air Force halted practice bombing runs in the Big Delta area where the buffalo graze.

With 2,375 bison showing in Montana's last game census, the state's fish and game commission in 1953 decided to stage the first buffalo hunt seen in Montana since the '80's. Some 250 hunters applied for the three buffalo permits issued, valid in the two months, beginning September 15. All three winners brought back their buffalo.

H. E. Lillis of Billings downed his bull with a bow and arrow in the Absaroka wilderness. The trophy, with a horn spread of 33 inches, holds seventh place in the world's record for bison.

Three more permits were issued in 1954, also for a two-month period, the winners to pick their spots in parts of Park and Sweet Grass Counties. To this modern hunting ground of the buffalo, the Flathead tribe in the days before game commissions moved their lodges in their semi-annual hunt for food and the robes and buffalo tongues they exchanged for other necessities.

This herd, in the Yellowstone National Park area, sees its roundups, some packed with moments when it's no sure thing whether the riders or their stubborn charges will get the best of it. But at the end of the chase there are no "Buffalo Pullmans."

Outlaw Exterminators, Inc.

(Continued from page 7)

horses kick up a lot of dust that can be seen for miles across a desert. Besides, Allman was no amateur gunman. He was a real desert coyote and had to be treated as such. It would be best, I told them, for me to go it alone and pick up Hunter somewhere out there. At first they seemed skeptical about my plan, but some of the more experienced desert riders admitted I was right. I rode out of Holbrook alone, heading for the sheep camp.

While in town I'd seen Prengle and he planned to stay a few days. Ida was under the care of a doctor and he wanted me to tell his wife he was staying over. Ida, the doctor thought, would be all right, but she needed some special care.

Hunter had not returned to the sheep camp. I stayed all night and lit out at daybreak the next morning, heading for a spring where I knew Hunter would go to replenish his water supply. I thought he might wait there a day or so, knowing that I would have to come by there to fill my own canteens. And he'd also keep an eye out for Allman whose own water supply would be low.

I approached the spring about four in the afternoon, and for an hour I lay high in some rocks studying it through the field glasses until I was satisfied no one was around it. I didn't want to ride into a trap.

ABOUT a hundred yards from it I noticed my horse had his ears up. He was making that stiff-legged approach he always made to a spot when he detected something he didn't like or didn't quite understand.

Suddenly about forty Hopi Indians came from every direction and surrounded me. They had been lying in wait for Allman all that time, and was my face red! If I'd belonged to the Boy Scouts they'd have taken all my merit badges away. Those Hopis had been so well concealed that I hadn't seen one of them. I resolved right then and there to try and be a little more cautious next time I approached a spring.

I don't know if you've ever hunted a killer or not, but I can tell you hunting one in the wide desert filled with a thousand natural hiding places is not like hunting one in town, or in farm country. There, somebody always sees your man and passes the information along, but out in the desert you can't ask questions. The rocks won't answer you. You've got to figure things out for yourself.

As usual, when he'd turned us back, Allman had struck again, this time taking a Hopi Indian girl of only twelve. He'd raped her and then let her go. The Hopis were on the war path—madder than hornets and you couldn't blame them.

Fortunately I didn't look like the Ape and it so happened that I knew a few of the Hopis, so my life was not in danger. They wanted me to promise that if I killed the Ape I'd turn his body over to them. I refused for I knew what would happen to it. They'd mutilate it beyond recognition, and when I went back to town I wanted no question about whose body it was.

And then I said to myself, what the hell are you talking about, Calhoun? The Ape's still out there, and until you get him there won't be anybody to take in. And be careful it isn't your corpse they pack in.

An hour after I parted from the Hopis, Hunter hailed me from off a high rock. He'd spotted me riding across the desert and recognized me from that old campaign hat I wore.

When I told him about Beeber taking a slug in the shoulder, and that the Ape had got away from us again, he said, "Look, Clay, you and I are staying on that son of a bitch's trail until we get him, or until he gets us. Right?"

We shook hands on it.

We moved over into the Moenkopi Wash that runs from away back in the cliff dwelling country ninety miles to the Little Colorado. We were about ten miles from the Little Colorado when we got to the wash. We figured that since he'd riled the Hopis and would have to be on the lookout for them too, the Ape would take off for some of his hide-outs in the old ruins, and the natural route would be up that long wash.

It was dangerous to trail him in the wash on horseback. He could hear us

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coming and strike from ambush. We decided that if we did find his trail, we'd move back from the wash and travel parallel with it, cutting in now and then to sample it for sign.

We cut his trail the next morning—bare footprints in the sand. What we didn't know at the time was that Allman had worn out his shoes and was forced to go barefooted.

Certain now that Allman would follow the wash all the way to the cliff dwellings, we rode hard most of that day, and when we checked the wash at five in the afternoon we saw no prints. We were now ahead of him.

I told Hunter to take the horses back some distance from the wash and tie them where they wouldn't be seen from the wash, and that I would take up a position in the wash and wait for our man, who I was sure would be along soon.

"What'll I do then?" Hunter asked. I knew he wanted to be in on the final fireworks so I told him to return to a point a hundred yards above me and wait. "Wait until you hear some shots," I said, "and then check the wash above, keeping your rifle ready. If he gets me first you'll have second choice."

He grinned at me. "You want him, don't you?" he said. "All right, I'll play second fiddle."

Before we parted, I stuck a loaf of bread under my shirt and took one canteen of water. "I'm going to stay down there until he comes along," I said, "no matter if it's day after tomorrow, so don't try to contact me."

I found a spot in the wash, behind a rock, where I could see a hundred yards down the arroyo, and there I settled down to wait for our man.

That wash was a regular runway for everything that moved on the desert. A buck came along, and then two skunks. I remained perfectly still and the deer passed within twenty feet of me without knowing I was there. I guess the wind happened to be in just the right direction.

But the skunks knew I was there. One came up to within ten feet of me, sniffing the air, and I was glad when he went on.

Darkness came on and still no Ape. I ate some of the bread and washed it down from my canteen.

It was pitch dark in that wash until the moon came up, but meanwhile I heard nothing. I'd started to snooze a couple of times but shook myself awake.

Right after the moon came up the wash became a regular highway. Two deer came past and spooked when they scented me. Several coyotes and a fox took off in the desert when I flicked rocks at them. Two raccoons refused to panic when I stirred. They finally slipped past and went on up the wash about their business.

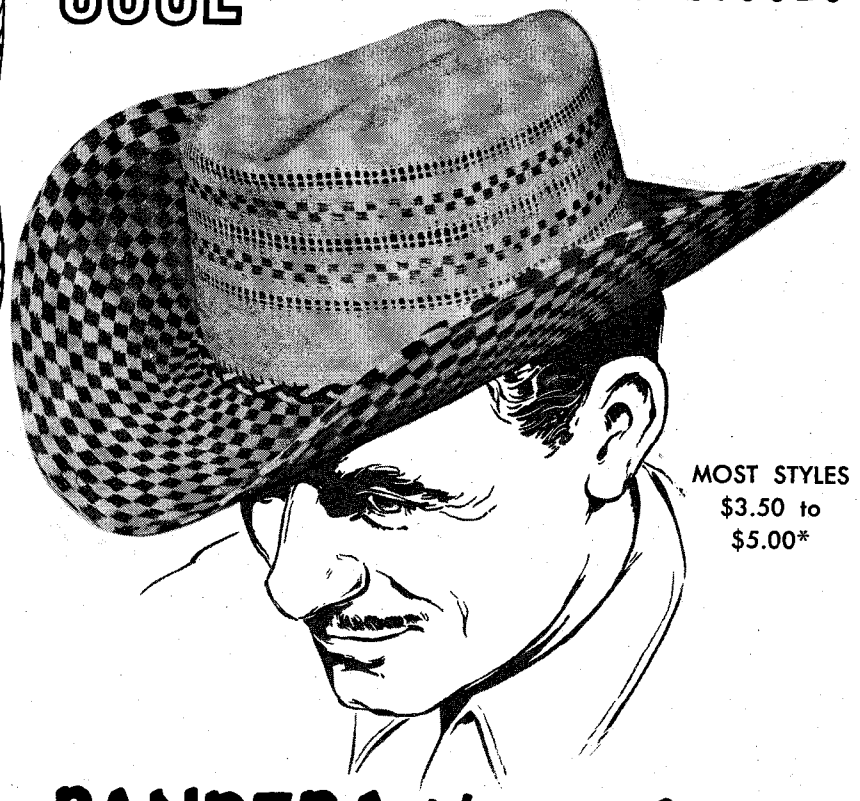
Otherwise it was a quiet night, and when day broke I got up and stretched. I ate some of the bread and washed it down, then took up my position again.

It was about seven o'clock when I caught sight of movement down the wash.

I saw him then, walking with his rifle across his shoulder. He kept turning his head from side to side, as skittish as a cat in a strange alley.

Our job was to exterminate him like you would an animal, but I could never shoot a man down in cold blood. I had

COOL—as a mountain breeze



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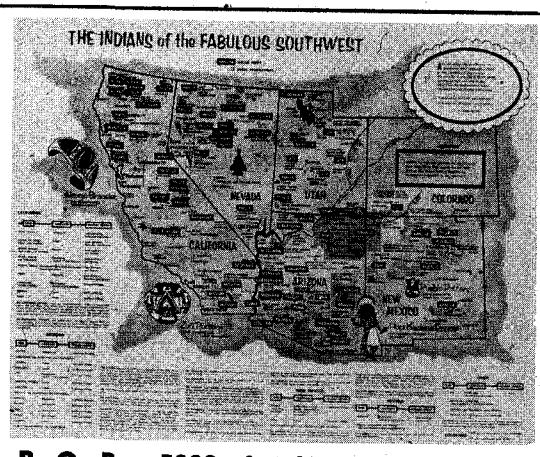

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never done that and I wasn't going to do it now.

He was coming toward me, step by step, as furtive as a panther, ready, I knew, to throw down on me and blast me to hell the minute he saw me. But I waited.

He was barefooted and the pants he wore were torn and ripped by brush. I don't think I've ever seen a more pitiful-looking human being. All I could see of his face were the eyes, the nose, and just a strip of cheek, for hair covered all the rest. Whiskers a foot long and his hair down to his shoulders. He was as near a wild man as you'd find anywhere.

He was within forty feet of me now and I was trying to decide what to do when he stopped deliberately, placed his rifle against a bush, stepped a couple of feet away from it and began relieving himself. His face was turned away from me, sort of three-quarters of the way I'd say.

When he'd turned I saw the six-shooter on his right side, dangling from its holster. It was then that I decided my course of action. I leaned my rifle against the rock that sheltered me and stepped out quietly, standing there with my hands at my side. I'd decided to give him a chance to defend himself, or surrender.

I waited until he was through and as he turned I said, "All right, Allman, put up your hands or I'll kill you."

He turned to face me as if someone had shot at him. His right hand plunged downward toward his gun. . . . .

Since Calhoun passed lightly over the next few moments, in his recital to me, suppose we read what Reporter Waite wrote about it in a half dozen territorial papers, plus the Rocky Mountain News and the San Francisco Chronicle, all of which published the following:

"Holbrook, Oct. 12, 1887—John Allman, the West's No. 1 bad man came home today strapped across a saddle. Clay Calhoun, boss of Outlaw Exterminators, Inc., and another bandit buster, Dick Hunter, brought him in. All is over now except the inquest.

"Allman, known hereabouts as the Ape, murdered twelve men in half as many months. He raped half a dozen women.

"Three members of Outlaw Exterminators, Inc., who have hunted Allman since last July, were laid up by injuries suffered at the outlaw's hands. It remained for Calhoun and Hunter to finally exterminate him, although Allman was given a chance to surrender. According to Calhoun's version, he and Allman met face to face in a wash and Allman was called upon to give up. Instead, he went for his gun.

"What happened in the wash is pretty accurately told by the bullet holes in Allman's body which now is on exhibit in a local mortuary. The bullet holes begin in the groin—there are four all together—and range upward in a neat line. The second of Calhoun's slugs struck the bandit in the stomach, the third slammed into the chest cavity and the fourth struck him in the mouth, forming a straight up-and-down pattern that, if you were to line it up with a string, would show no bullet hole more than 1/16th of an inch out of line and so evenly placed that it would take a yard stick to determine any variation in the space separating them. Rangemen, rustlers, lawmen, and pseudo outlaws alike come to marvel at the neat line of bullet holes in the killer's carcass."

And now Calhoun finishes the narration:

WELL, it wasn't long until all the exterminators were back in the saddle again. We took two more that same year: Red Werner who went on a killing spree down around Florence and took to the Superstition Mountains, and a sidewinder Mexican named Lopez who tried to outfox us in the Date Creek Mountains. We wound both their clocks for them and the year following, 1888, we took Bill Langley who ranged over three counties before we nailed him.

That same year I was appointed U. S. deputy marshal and Slack and Davis went off to New Mexico to take over a cattle ranch Slack's uncle owned. That broke up Outlaw Exterminators, Inc., but by then outlaws were scarcer than Moose at an Elks' convention.

Slack was killed about 1906 when his horse slipped on a rocky trail in a canyon near Los Alamos and went over a precipice. Davis died natural sometime around 1920. Fred Beeber got mixed up with a little *senorita* down Mexico way, and the girl's jealous suitor knifed him fatally in the back, which was just about the only way anybody could have killed Fred. Any man who'd have faced him with a gun was on his way to hell on a greased rail.

Dick Hunter was around until a few years ago. I guess Father Time finally caught up with him. He died up around Holbrook.

Me—I'm the last exterminator alive and when I go you can disincorporate the exterminators. Just say that old Clay Calhoun finally cashed in his chips. He didn't win much in the game, but he had one hell of a time trying!

Calhoun died November 21, 1948.

Editor's Note: This article is just about the perfect example of a TRUE WEST piece, exactly what we're looking for. Fast-moving, dramatic, based on solid facts—not told in dry, dull history-book style. Writers, take note!

Things I Never Saw Before

(Continued from page 21)

STEERS BRING 'EM IN

THAT ranch was known as the Trinidad Ranch and bordered the Rio Grande. There were plenty of wild animals down there, and I never saw nothing like the panthers, coyotes, and bob cats in my life. We had to rope them wild cattle out of that heavy brush and prickly pear, and then neck 'em to necking steers to bring 'em in to the pens. We had about fifty old necking steers that sure knew their business, and they all had names. There was one named *Pallaso* (clown), and old *Cuarda* (Square), *Calotes*, *Tomate* (tomato), *Corvata* (necktie), and then there were a couple that looked exactly alike. They were called *Conejo* and *Pendejo*. The wild steers were always roped and tied, and we had to lead them necking steers up to where the wild ones were and put the rope around the wild one's horns and around the neck of the old necking steers. We'd start to neck 'em together and them old necking steers would kneel down and beller the most pitiful you ever heard while you were getting the rope around their necks. They had tough necks, believe me, and they were cal-

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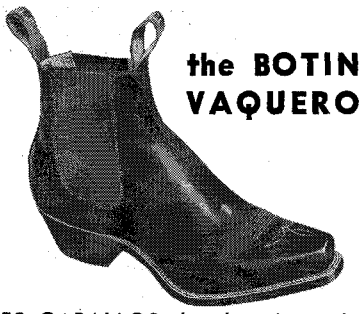

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loused and thick hided, where the rope had been so often. It made your hair stand on end when you were necking 'em and heard that pitiful bellering, but once you got them necked together, they took the steer or cow in. I don't know why they bellered like they did when we were putting the rope on 'em unless they dreaded it. Those two great-big necking steers called old *Tomate* and *Pallaso* were so stout we had to always neck them to great big steers. They'd kill a cow dragging her, and hooking her too. When we were necking them to the wild ones, we sure watched out to be on the wild steer's side, because when we turned 'em loose, those two old necking steers would whirl to the left, then to the right and get those wild steers plumb drunk; then they would take off, dragging the wild one along and making him go till he got him to the herd. We'd usually take 'em into the pen and unneck 'em, then turn 'em into a trap with a high wire fence around it, and leave 'em there till time to ship 'em or till they were sold to a buyer who came to the ranch; then we had to rope 'em and neck 'em again. The second time, they were not so hard to handle, and we could even neck a couple of wild ones together, and we could drive 'em pretty good.

MULE NECKED TO STEER

AFTER we got through with the cattle works," Hill went on to say, "We got ready for the tank building. The dirt tank we were to build was a good distance away, and across some country that was so thick with mesquite, black brush, *huajillo,* and prickly pear, a man could hardly find his way through it horseback. As I have already mentioned, we had to first cut a road through that jungle so the ox carts could come over it to bring our supplies. I just had the one horse with me we called *Espejo,* an awfully good cow horse. *Espejo* means looking-glass.

"We went on with the work of building the dirt tank while the cook fed us the regular diet of cornbread, frijole beans, beef, and coffee, 365 days out of the year. We always had plenty of fresh beef, for we no sooner played out of meat than some of us went out after another one.

"There was a little old 14-year-old Meskin boy by the name of *Georgie de la Cruz* who worked right with me most of the time. One Sunday, it come time to kill a beef and about six of us went out to find one. *Georgie* went with me, but we didn't find anything fat enough to butcher, though we did see a big red steer, wilder than a deer, slip in a thicket and lay down. We knew it would take some ridin' to catch him, so we went over to where the other boys were and told 'em about it. They had a cow roped to kill, but they turned her loose and started back with us. Before we got to the thicket where the old steer was, the other boys come to us. One of 'em was *Delfino,* and he said he broke his rope, so his cow got away. I gave 'im my rope and told 'im I would run the steer out if he'd rope 'im. He was ridin' old *Tomate,* one of the best cow horses that ever hit the brush, and that old horse never carried a better roper than *Delfino.*

WHO THOUGHT OF THAT?

WELL, when we got to the place and jumped that old steer, he come out

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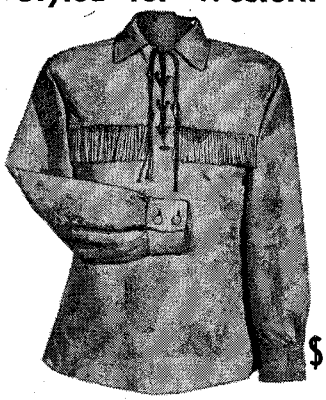

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of that thicket traveling. *Delfino* took to 'im. He had his rope ready to lay on 'im just as that old steer run under a wide-spreading mesquite tree. I told you before, that old *Tomate* was a cow horse. When he went after a steer in that thick brush, he always got 'im. He went under that mesquite tree almost on top of that old steer, but one of those hanging limbs caught *Delfino* about the hips and went as far as it would bend with *Delfino* holding it, and when it hit the end, it flew back, raking *Delfino* off the horse and sending him through the air right into a big clump of prickly pear. Old *Tomate* went right on after the steer and didn't know *Delfino* wasn't on 'im. Then *Federico* took after *Tomate* and the steer and some of us ran back and pulled *Delfino* out of the prickly pear. *Tomate* was right on that steer, biting him right at the root of his tail every turn he made, when *Federico* hollered for someone to come get the horse so he could rope the steer. This little *Georgie Meskin* went after *Tomate* and got 'em, then *Federico* caught the steer.

"Oh, my, if *Delfino* wasn't a sight! You couldn't lay your finger on 'im that there wasn't a million pear thorns; I never saw that many pear thorns in any human before in my life—even his shirt was pinned to him with great big thorns. We had to take a knife and scrape them off of him.

"We tied that old steer to a tree that night, and the next morning, we meant to neck him to an oxen out of one of the water carts, but the cart broke down and didn't get in, so we decided to take a mule out there and neck the steer to this mule.

"I mentioned that the mule called Ross had already died. This one was George that we decided to neck to the steer. He had been necked to many a wild horse, but this was his first experience of being necked to a steer, and he showed from the start that he wanted none of it. As soon as he saw that steer, he balked. We simply couldn't get him any closer.

"I had to pull off my jacket and let one of the Meskins put it over the mule's head and blindfold him. I got on *Espejo* and pulled the mule up to the steer, but he nearly choked down dragging back. We finally pulled him up close enough to neck the steer to 'im. When we got 'em necked, one Meskin pulled the jacket off the mule's head and one untied the steer and they hollered to me to turn 'em loose. Never have I seen anything like *that* race. It was more of a stampede, for that mule was scared plumb to death. He lit out to running and the old steer was running right by his side, but the mule would kick the steer in the flank about every ten jumps. They didn't stop for anything in their path; they even hit a dry creek and went right off a high bluff together. When we got to 'em, we were ridin' for all we were worth, trying to head them to keep the mule from running the steer to death. But they fell and the mule was on top of the steer with his feet over the neckin' rope, and the old steer was layin' flat on his side.

"We got 'em up and straightened out, then tied both their tails together to keep one from getting ahead of the other. We turned 'em loose again, and up that bank they went, neck and neck. We never did get ahead of 'em either, for that Mule was going to the camp. In about a hundred yards of the camp, the steer fell, and the Meskins were right on top of him and had him killed, and in no time, they had him skinned and cut up.

"They skinned the head to have '*tatema*' (head cooked in a hole in the ground under coals), and hung it up. It hung there about thirty-six hours before they cooked it. I told 'em they better cook that head before it spoiled, and evidently it was pretty well tainted before they put it in the ground. When it was done, they took it up and all of 'em ate it. Sick? Oh, my, that was the sickest bunch of men I ever saw, not to die. I sure thought the whole bunch was going to die. I don't think they ever liked *tatema* any more.

BLACK STEER

LATER on when I was working on another ranch, we took about six-hundred big steers to Eagle Pass and delivered them to *Marcos Gonzales*, and there was a big, black, curly steer in the herd, and one evening half of the hoof came off of one of his hind feet. I never saw that happen before, and it was pretty bad. We didn't want him to go any farther, so we un-necked him; we left him lie there. Next morning, we took the cattle on down the road, and in about three or four miles, we looked back and seen 'im coming. When he caught up with us, he was ready to fight everything he saw because he was in such pain. The other side of the hoof had come off and that was the awfullest sight I ever saw in my life. He had been walking on the bare bones, and his poor old hoof was bleeding bad. Where we penned that night, there was a Jap and his wife in charge of that ranch. Before we left, we told him to take a gun and kill him and keep the meat if he wanted it. He said he would, but before he could get to it, that steer jumped the pen again and came after the herd. He caught up with us again, and we had to borrow a gun off of a Mexican River Guard who was coming along, and we waylaid the old steer and killed him to get him out of his misery. He was such an unusual animal—shiny, black, curly hair, and his horns were long and white and glistened like they were polished. I wish we had saved those pretty horns.

"We lost two big steers that night when we got to the river to water 'em. They swam across the Rio Grande into the Ford and Blocker pasture, and it was two or three years before they got 'em. The Nigger that worked over there roped 'em, and one weighed 1,600 pounds and the other 1,400. The big one was sure marked funny; he had a yellow stomach but his back and sides were a sort of brown. Some of those old Mexican steers were most any kind of color.

"I remember how some of those old steers would bawl if they got cut off from their running mate. They were just like people; they would pick out running mates, or 'chums' and they would feed together, water together, and

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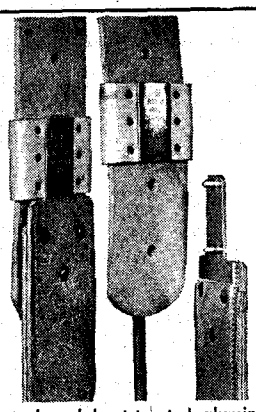

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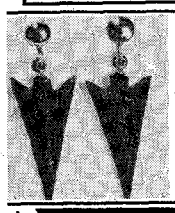

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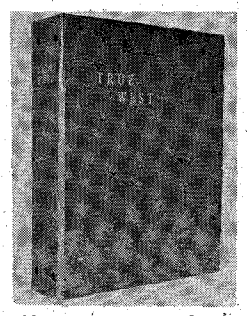

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sleep side by side and always walk together if you were driving 'em. Sometimes, we have penned 'em and maybe one was in the pen and his running mate may not have been in the bunch. Of all the bawling you ever heard; he would bawl till he called that running mate to him. They might be just two steers that were raised together, or maybe on the same range and took up with one another. Horses are the same way; you often find two saddle horses that are friends like that and won't run with anything else but each other when they are turned out.

Ben Lilly's Longest Grizzly Chase

(Continued from page 19)

"An ideal spot for an ambush," he thought grimly—then shrugged off the fear. Still, the uneasy feeling persisted in spite of his efforts to disregard it. Relating the incident to a group of ranchers at Cliff, New Mexico, several years later, Ben admitted that he felt more like the hunted than the hunter and was expecting the wounded grizzly to attack him at any moment.

Working his way through the thick brush, he stopped suddenly and listened attentively as the baying of the dogs started up anew. Lilly glanced at the canyon wall above him, made sure that he was in the clear, then moved quickly to the bend in the canyon. Ahead and slightly to the left of the canyon floor, he spotted the dogs milling around a tangled thicket. They were circling it warily, barking and growling. Again the devil-bear was backed into a corner.

Ben checked his gun hurriedly and moved on. As he approached the thicket, *something* caused him to look up again to the canyon wall. The huge bear stood just above him, on his haunches, watching him like a playful cat waiting to spring. He had sneaked out of the thicket and come back to hunt the hunter!

To Lilly, the grizzly looked anything but playful. The great bear's small, red-rimmed eyes glared wickedly; its wounded, fevered body gave off a foul and stifling odor. The wound had reopened and blood dripped down in dark crimson clots almost at the hunter's feet as the grizzly lunged down and forward.

Ben half-raised his rifle and fired. The bear came crashing over the canyon wall and a glancing blow from one massive paw knocked the hunter sprawling. Twenty feet beyond him, the heart-shot bear lurched to his feet, whirled snarling, then fell again and lay still.

Dizzily, Ben pulled himself to one elbow as the dogs came racing up to maul the dead grizzly. For a long moment the hunter stared at the great bear as if he could not believe that he was dead.

BEN LILLY'S only comment on the hunt when he returned to civilization was that, although he'd killed the bear in Mexico, it had been run out of New Mexico and "the skull I carried back served to identify the New Mexico species." Not a word did he have to say about his own close call or the loss of his beloved hounds, lying back there in the Chihuahua wilderness. Oddly, in listening to Ben's brief recital of the hunt, one got the feeling that the old hunter genuinely regretted killing the mighty grizzly that had led him on the longest chase of his career.

But then, as natives of the Southwest will still tell you, Ben Lilly was a strange man.

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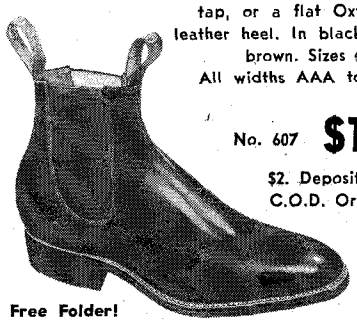

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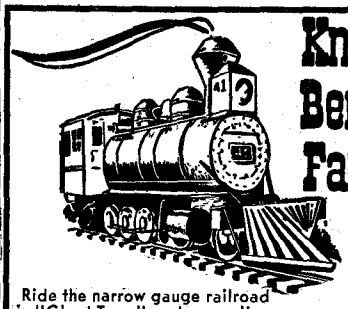

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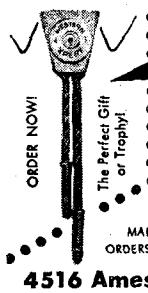

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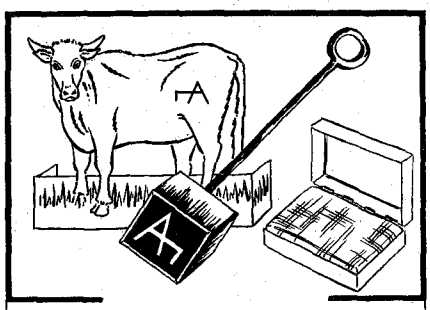

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GREAT WESTERN ART

All those interested in the art of the Old West will be delighted with *The Charles M. Russell Book* (Doubleday, $23.50) by Harold McCracken. Despite the fact that most of the information about the famous cowboy artist that is revealed here has been published before, the author's style has a pleasing freshness and altogether, this is a well-done account of Russell's life.

The illustrations are superb. The publishers were able to obtain the use of the best of the Brown & Bigelow plates, long familiar to collectors of Russell prints, and there are 32 of these in color, as well as two others from the Montana Historical Society collection. In addition, there are 180 other illustrations in black and white—11 bronzes, 78 pen drawings, and 91 paintings. Thirty of these are published here for the first time. The selection of illustrations is excellent. The author had access to several hundred photographs and other reproductions of Russell's work and from these he selected representative examples of the artist's variable early styles, as well as his later and better-known works.

There are errors in the book—many of the illustrations are misnamed and the statement is made that Russell always used the buffalo skull as a symbol with his signature. There is also one major contradiction; in one place the author implies that Russell made derogatory remarks about the work of Remington and later points out that Russell invariably refrained from such actions. To this reviewer, the greatest defect of the book is its size. The publisher's desire to turn out a "prestige" job for the Christmas trade resulted in a tome that neither fits the usual bookshelf nor is comfortable to hold.

The Charles M. Russell Book is available in two editions. The "deluxe" edition at $28 differs only in having an imprint of the Russell buffalo skull on the end-papers, an illustration in color printed on the cover rather than on the dust jacket, and a plastic cover. A third, a "limited" edition was also published at $50, but was oversubscribed before it appeared.

RANGE LIFE

It is up to the philosophers to explain why the cowboy continues to rank in top place in American folklore. No figure on the American scene has stirred the public interest more than the cowboy. His heyday was brief covering less than forty years before advancing civilization with its barbed wire and settlement program brought an end to the open range.

It is a paradox that the current income from the art, literature, music, movies and TV dealing with the cowboy far exceeds the amount of money received for the total cattle sold during the forty years that open range cowpunchers rode the cow trails for a living.

We can be assured that our large body of western enthusiasts will welcome the excellent new book entitled *The Best of the American Cowboy* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) compiled and edited by Ramon F. Adams.

Ramon Adams is an established pro in the field of cowboy literature, having written such major items as *Cowboy Lingo, Western Words, Six Guns and Saddle Leather* and several other western library "musts." His new book is composed of 27 true cowboy experiences written by men who either saw or experienced what they wrote about. Some were tenderfoot Englishmen who have written in a colorful but letter-perfect style. Other stories were written in the crisp idiom of the range by cowboy story tellers. They cover the life of the cowpuncher and include trail driving, cattle round-ups, rustling, six-gun justice, eating, and drinking, carousing and other forms of daredevil entertainment.

Adams has a fine collection of rare western books from which he has drawn many of these real life cowboy tales which are not available to the general western reading public. There are numerous drawings by Nick Eggenhofer devoted to key cowboy scenes and events.

The Cattle Kings of the Staked Plains (American Guild Press, $3.75) by George A. Wallis is a pleasant survey of the lives and exploits of cattlemen who created fabulous estates in the southern high plains.

Never again will a down-at-the-heel, barebacked cowboy be able to take a job punching cows, and from his savings end up a cattle king. Christopher Columbus Slaughter did it in the early days of the Texas cattle trade. Many others started in an equally humble fashion to invest the vigor of youth in a livestock gamble on the primitive Staked Plains where several lived to become cattle kings.

Descending from the Rockies in New Mexico to the Caprock in the Texas Panhandle is a vast gently graded peneplain, once the home of the southern buffalo herd and the Comanche Indians. This grassy plain became the operating grounds of several historic cattle kingdoms. This galaxy includes Charles Goodnight and the J. A. Ranch, C. C. Slaughter's Long-S spread, Farwell's 3,000,000 acre XIT Ranch, John Chisum and his Jingle Bobs, college president Clifford Jones of the Spur outfit, George Littlefield—the Texas ranger who made $6,000,000 in ranching, The Spade Ranch, and Campbell and McKenzie of the Matadors, a 19 million dollar ranch, also others.

There are chapters on Billy the Kid, Bob Crosby, rodeo cowboy, and stories of bronc peelers and the gals of old Tascosa. This is a small book with a big wallop.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

Pat Jahns debunks the Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp legends in his new book *The Frontier World of Doc Holliday* (Hastings, $5).

The author says, "Doc Holliday, an alcoholic and weakling, enabled by a fierce reputation to live safely among tough characters of the Old West. Doc Holliday, one of the worst shots that

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ever pulled a trigger and only killed one man in a gunfight—unlucky, unarmed Frank McLowery. Here is famous Wyatt Earp, who never was more than a stand-in marshal of any place."

The Frontier World of Doc Holliday is the product of solid research on the part of the author who developed the book from newspaper and other stories written immediately after many of the events took place. Born in Griffin, Georgia, Holliday was baptized there on March 21, 1852. His father was a severe, hot-tempered gentleman; his mother was an educated gentlewoman whom Doc loved dearly. The family, like other Southerners, suffered the misfortunes brought on during Reconstruction.

In 1870, Doc left for Baltimore dental school and while there acquired his title and T.B.

Forced to leave his home, he went west for the "cure." He survived for fifteen years, racking up a reputation as gunman and gambler in dens of iniquity in Dallas, Denver, Dodge City, Deadwood, Tombstone and Leadville. This well-documented racy story makes no hero of Doc but does show him off as a courageous, cross-tempered criminal. There's also good treatment of Doc's associates like his amorous paramour, Big Nosed Kate; his friends, the Earps; and his enemies, the Clantons and McLowerys of OK Corral fame.

This is top historical reporting.

Famous Gunfighters of the Western Frontier (Frontier Press, $3.50) is by W. B. (Bat) Masterson, a frontier gambler and peace officer as a young man. Bat was later a sports writer in New York City and Deputy U. S. Marshal for the Southern District of New York. It was during these latter days that Bat wrote a series of articles about some of his old friends for *Human Life Magazine*. Ed Bartholomew of Frontier Press rescued these half-century-old pen pictures of Luke Short, Bill Tilghman, Ben Thompson, Doc Holliday, and Wyatt Earp from the oblivion of the magazine files. He put them in a neat little hard cover book along with more than 50 photos of related events from the Rose Collection. The edition is limited to 1000 copies and this book is almost sure to become a collector's item since first hand accounts by actual participants in the old wild days are scarce indeed.

C. L. Sonnichsen's *Ten Texas Feuds* (University of New Mexico Press, $5) is a rare collection of ten stories of the hectic days during the unsettled reconstruction era. Men solved their disputes with violence, groups feuded, mobs and vigilantes settled scores by force and mayhem.

Dr. Sonnichsen has recounted the facts about ten of the fiercest feuds which includes the vigorous conflict between the Regulators and the Moderators that finally was neutralized by the power of Sam Houston and the militia.

One of the best chapters deals with the El Paso Salt War, an important economic and international fracas that caused salt hungry Mexicans to develop a homicidal frenzy. The main characters were power hungry men guided by avarice rather than benevolence. One was Charles W. Howard, a Democrat, originally from Missouri who ousted the El Paso carpet-baggers and organized his own power machine. Others of the salt ring were Italian born Don Luis Cardis, stage contractor and *papacito* of the Mexican *pobres;* A. J. Fountain, lawyer and world traveler; and Father Antonio Borrajo, the scounging irritable,

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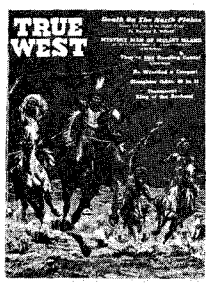

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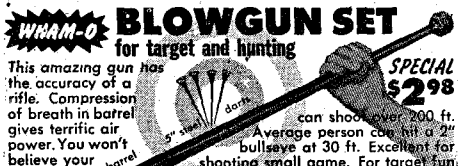

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parish priest of San Elizario.

As so often happens in a storybook tale, the principals of the intrigue in this true story fall out; Cardis and Howard are killed, Padre Borrajo is transferred south of the border and salt once again goes into the public domain for the use of all.

Geologists will fall out with the author for calling Guadalupe Peak a sheer, 9,000-foot wall of granite. The peak happens to be an ancient limestone reef famous for being the second largest of its type in the world being exceeded only by one in southern Tyrol.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

quick as thought, the Marshal (Hickok) drew two revolvers and both men fired *almost simultaneously.*"

As to Mr. Covin's remarks about Wyatt Earp, I do not know enough about Earp to discuss him. But, after some research on Earp, I do believe that Earp never approached Hickok as a gunfighter. Hickok tamed towns by himself, with maybe one or two deputies. Earp always had a crew around him: his brothers, Bat Masterson, Doc Holliday, Charlie Bassett and Luke Short. They formed a sort of gang. In Wyatt's whole gang, in my opinion, the only two gunslingers worth their gunpowder were Bat Masterson and Morgan Earp. Bat was the real backbone of the bunch.

Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson both have given their opinions that Hickok was the greatest pistol shot. Aside from that, he was also a fine peace officer. It was not easy to face the rough element of Hays City and Abilene practically single-handed.

I hope I have been of some help in clearing some things up concerning Bill Hickok. Maybe my letter will find its way into your fine magazine. I hope so. —George Hart, 140 Ritner Street, Philadelphia 48, Pa.

Dear Norm:

I noticed a couple of rather controversial letters in the December issue of *True West;* both in reference to Bill Hickok. One letter, from C. C. Cook, painted Wild Bill as everything but what he really was. Like us all, Bill was neither all good nor all bad. He had many virtues and many faults, and chances are he wasn't as good a man as his backers would have us believe. Chances are, he did a lot *worse* things than he is accused of doing. The frontier was a wild place, in those days.

One of my oldest friends is John F. Thompson, born July 14, 1875. He was Ben Thompson's nephew and possesses a great deal of authentic information. He claims that Wild Bill became very nervous under tension and very often his so-called victories were merely the result of "shooting under extreme fright." As the years rolled by, Wild Bill was credited with many feats he did not do. However, Mr. Thompson admits that Hickok certainly did a lot of shooting.

But I take exception to the letter written by A. D. Covin, in which he compares Hickok to Wyatt Earp. He states that Wyatt Earp was a "real gunfighter," respected as a brave man, who made the leading gunfighters of the day think twice about drawing on him.

Most of what we read on the man was pure fiction. Earp definitely was not fearless as an officer of the law. In his entire career, he was marshal of only one town: Dodge City. Even in wide-open Dodge, the crooked political machine which used Earp for its purposes was voted out at the end of a year by irate citizens—and Earp was booted out with the machine. Fact is, Wyatt Earp was the Al Capone of the old West. He entered into gang killings, gambling, and prostitution.

Earp was never marshal of Wichita. He was a hired helper for James H. (Dog) Kelley, who made a financial deal with Earp. Wyatt was given an interest in the old Alhambra to help keep law and order, but the only law and order kept was to help continue the brothels and crooked gaming in the town and see that it was unmolested. In this capacity, Earp was not an official marshal. To the old-timers, Earp was a shrewd man with a dollar—but he was not the fearless lawman we see depicted today on television and movie screens.—J. M. Mapes, 82 Oak Drive, Chico, California.

Howdy, Norm:

This here letter is sort of a challenge to see if you, as boss wrangler of "Truly Western," will have the guts to print it.

Fact of the matter is, my old blood plumb gets to bilin' when I read letters in TW praising Wild Bill Hickok. Not long ago, in TW, a gent named Stagg called Hickok a rat. Norm, I'll go still farther than Brother Stagg and call him by his *true* name—a hydrophoby skunk! And if anybody cares to throw red pepper in *my* eyes for saying so, he'd better bring along his shootin iron, 'cause he'll damn well need it!

From the time that Hickok murdered poor Dave McCanles from behind a curtain at Rock Creek in 1861 until he met a well-deserved death in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1876, Hickok never performed a single deed worthy of a man. He was not only a murderer but a coward. "Bear River" Tom Smith had more guts in his right fist than Bill Hickok had in his entire carcass. Yet Tom Smith, a great law officer and a *man,* is virtually forgotten outside Abilene and Kansas, while the Hickok fans rave about Wild Bill. Ask any resident of Abilene who was the *real* lawman; Hickok or Tom Smith. You'll find a monument to Tom Smith in Abilene, but nary a one about Hickok.

Right now, Norm, I can hear you saying: "All right, where's the *proof* that Hickok was a skunk?" I could tell you things that would curl your hair about Wild Bill, but it would only be my unsupported word. So I'll just mention one crime of which Hickok was guilty—a crime which could well have plunged all Kansas into the horrors of an Indian war, with hundreds of men, women and children killed because of one skunk's maniacal mania to kill. I refer to Hickok's cold-blooded murder of old Chief Whistler, his nephew, and a sub-chief, on the prairie in 1872. Maybe the Hickok *aficionados* never heard this story—or if they did, maybe they prefer to forget it. I dunno and I don't give a damn—all I know is that it's the *truth!*

Hickok was hunting buffalo that fall, along with Newt Moreland. The Indians had been friendly for quite a spell, and many of them had developed quite a taste for the white man's coffee. So when Whistler and his two braves saw Hickok's camp, he decided to ride in for a little visit and a cup of coffee. The chief wasn't carrying a gun, and both the other Indians left theirs in their saddle scabbards when they dismounted and came up to the fire to sit. The old

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chief made the peace sign and motioned toward the coffee pot, grinning and making the sign for pouring. The white men ignored him, so he got up and went toward the pot. He never reached it alive; Wild Bill shot him down. The sub-chief tried to stop Hickok, and Moreland killed *him*. Then, to finish things up nice and tidy with no loose ends, Bill killed the nephew. Three men dead because this sterling Gentleman of the Plains blew his crazy top at an old Indian asking for a lousy cup of coffee! That, fellow readers of *True West*, is your "Prince of Pistoleers," Bill Hickok, as he *really* was!

You don't believe me? Well, fortunately, you don't have to take the word of this old busted-up waddy who first heard the story from his own daddy. Go to your library and find Mari Sandoz' book *The Buffalo Hunters*. Turn to pages 138-39 and read what Dr. Sandoz—one of the foremost Western historians of our times—has to say about it. If her account of the murder of this peaceful old Sioux chief and his two braves doesn't make you sick of Bill Hickok forever—well, friend, you got stronger guts than mine!—William C. (Rocky Bill) Norton, General Delivery, Abilene, Kansas.

Dear Editor:

True West for December, 1957, has arrived, and as usual was enjoyed. One item, however, served to spoil it, and that was the article by Kathryn Wright on Calamity Jane.

She may have convinced *True West* of the truth of her story, but she will have to come up with a few more *facts* before she convinces me and your historians.

I should like to put forward the following points which will, it is hoped, prove my point:

1. Calamity Jane died on August 1, 1903. Her tombstone confirms this.
2. The so-called diary has been hawked around for so long now, and seen so many changes, that I honestly fail to see how so much importance can be attached to it.
3. The best authority on Jane to date is Professor J. L. Jennewein, who in his book *Calamity Jane of the Western Trails*, says just about all there is to be said on Jane.
4. There is no legal proof whatever that Calamity Jane married James Butler Hickok, or for that matter that she divorced him. To prove either point would require certificates or other legal documents. All they seem to have been able to produce to date is a wedding certificate which convinces no one. Reverend Warren's signature on this document bears no resemblance to that on the *legal* marriage certificate between Hickok and Mrs. Lake. The fact that his daughter mentions his remarks about having known Jane and Wild Bill proves nothing, since she quotes no dates or other details.
5. Jane's story of hearing outlaws planning to kill Wild Bill and then warning him so that he could kill all nine, is sheer nonsense. It sounds like a later version of the McCanles fight. How come Connelley never heard of it?
6. I should like a little more proof than this diary to believe that Calamity Jane ever came to England. I've been through most of our newspapers of the period and never seen her

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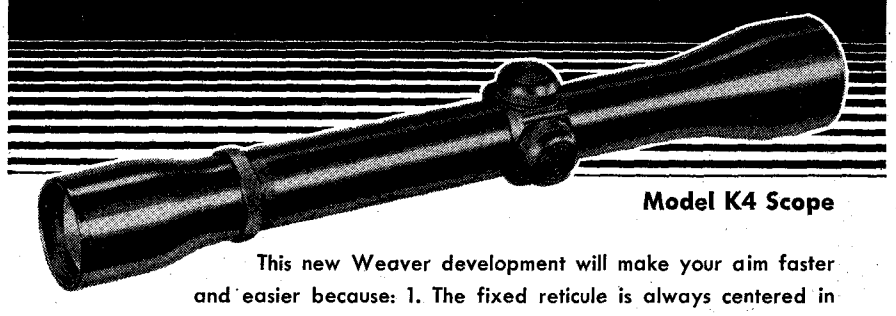

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I tell you folks, we're plumb excited over our mail! It's a healthy sign. But also it's getting to be a real problem. We just flat love your letters but it's a little like the old boy who loved hundred dollar bills. They put him in a tall box and started pouring bills on him. When those wonderful things got over his head and he started smothering to death, he was torn between just flat dying with delight or asking them to hold off just a little . . .

Now you just keep right on sending in those letters, articles, etc. We'll hire more help; we'll work our way out somehow. Just don't feel personally insulted if we can't answer you immediately. Thanks!

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mentioned. This is where the diary starts to slip up.

7. It has been said, possibly with truth, that Jane was a hermaphrodite. This might well explain her strange character.
8. The photograph you reproduced of Hickok, was said to be a reproduction of a painting made in 1871, when Wild Bill was town marshal (not deputy U.S. marshal) of Abilene, Kansas. This is a *painting* made from a *photo* taken in 1871.
9. Jane herself at various times claims to have married a James Butler Hickok, *cousin* of the celebrated gunfighter. Unfortunately, the family won't or can't corroborate this.
10. Wild Bill had serious eye trouble shortly before his death, as mentioned by Dr. Mari Sandoz in her book *The Buffalo Hunters*. However, the evidence in the form of a medical report made out at Camp Carlin has been "lost, stolen, or destroyed," and is no longer in the National Archives. Is it not logical to assume that had Jane been on such familiar terms with Bill at this time, she would have mentioned this?
11. *We, The People* have placed too much stress on the authenticity of the diary as a means of identifying Mrs. McCormick. So have the Public Welfare people.
12. To sum up: The diary exists, we can't ignore that, but whether or not Jane knew of its existence is another matter entirely. I intend to contact Miss Wright and pass these comments on to her, as I would like her views.—Joseph G. Rosa, 17 Woodville Gardens, Ruislip, Middlesex, England.

Well, now! That takes care of Calamity Jane, author Kathryn Wright, Wild Bill Hickok AND Wyatt Earp. Wonder if them TV and movie fellers out in Hollywood know all this inside stuff on their heroes? You reckon we should tip 'em off to read "Truly Western?"

Dear Joe:

Every now and then you ask for the readers' opinions of TW. The last time I stuck my neck out and offered my comments I received a sarcastic reply from you that if I wanted to buy your dern rag you'd sell it to me to run as I saw fit. **(Now Mr. Russell! Your letter was turribly sarcastic, but mine warn't. I just said if you were blowing your hard-earned money instead of steam on a magazine, you'd learn more about it before blowing—or your money would disappear like your steam does—into thin air.)** Maybe you'll be even more inclined to draw on me after you've read this here epistle. But you've asked for it, so here goes!

When you started publishing TW you made a lot of hullabaloo about publishing a magazine devoted to the Old West, and—for a few issues—you made an effort, I think, to live up to them thar promises. But just what the heck is this thing we're getting in the mails lately—a cross between *Field and Stream* and *Argosy?* You are showing the time-proven fault of editors everywhere by attempting a "Something for Everybody" policy. Mark Twain made a famous wisecrack that hits TW right on the nose—his remark about being on his way to visit a friend in the poorhouse—a former publisher who tried to please everybody. **(Wouldn't apply to us, Chum—we came from the poorhouse in the first place! Did Twain ever say anything about the skeletons he stumbled over on his way to visit his friend—bones of publishers who narrowed their field too much and never even made it to the poorhouse? Twain, himself, wrote stories with universal appeal. Isn't it a shame that he didn't narrow down more and make a name for himself?—Joe.)**

Let's face it, cowboy—the Old West means, in a word, gunfighters! Sure, there's a certain amount of interest in such related items as cattle drives and lost mines—but only as a background for the stars of the show—the old marshals and bandits. I don't believe one per cent of your readers care a happy hoot about your articles on the modern West complete with automobiles, oil wells and drive-ins. Ditto for pieces about Spanish galleons, cattle dogs, or the editor's reminiscences of where he spent last year's vacation. **(Wow! Only about one story in every twenty is on the West of today and yet they call us a modern West magazine! The trouble with you, Russell, is that you have no appreciation for gunfighters! Oh, well, that makes as much sense as our being a modern Western magazine . . .)**

Interest in the Old West is at an all-time high in this country right now, and growing rapidly. Take television, for instance. What's the Number One dramatic show right this minute? Answer: *The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp.* What's the absolute bottom in TV dramatic programs? Answer: *Sheriff of Cochise.* Both Westerns—but what a difference! There's no more interest in the modern West than in the modern North, South, or East. The reason is obvious—no other section or era in the history of our country captures the imagination of the public like the post Civil War West. The reason, deny it as anyone may, is simply the gunfighters.—Russell Pace, 12501 Valleywood Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland.

Howdy, Russell:

Cuzzin, I think you are as wrong as a porcupine with his tail in a bear trap relative to the Old West meaning gunfighters exclusively. Maybe in most people's minds it does mean that—but you ought to spend hours, days, and months talking to old-timers in the real West and find out what they say the Old West was like.

Of course, a man can always say, "Oh, they don't know what the score was!"—but that would be sort of like saying, "Oh, Russell Pace doesn't know his own life!"

At any rate, our mail has been terrific on learning a little more about what the Old West was really like along with the gunfighting.

But we asked for votes and we sure appreciate your showing your hole card, Podner! We'll run your letter in "Truly Western" and ask the boys to vote again on the subject. Fair Enough?—Joe.

Well, this issue of "Truly Western" has been a rip-snorter, hasn't it? Seems like everybody has been packin' a burr under their saddle-blanket—plumb mad at the whole dadgum shebang! Danged if they didn't ring in ol' Joe on the deal—and him still worryin' about the next printing bill! Oh well, that's what "Truly Western" is for—so everybody can blow off steam, including us. Joe has already asked for more votes on the issue raised by Mr. Pace, so I'll just add this: Do the majority of TW readers really want an all-gunfighter-lawman maga-

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zine, or do you want to hear more of the men who actually made the West what it is today—those who labored with axe and shovel and sledge to hack homes and towns out of the vast, empty plains and the lonely wilderness? Think it over carefully, folks, before you take up your pen to write your vote.—NBW.

The Seris—
Indians That Time Forgot

(Continued from page 14)

around me. *Bueno!* If I was to be barbecued, this was the way to go out. Boy, that *posale!*

"I held out my cup and Lout poured from a jug. I lost track of the number of refills and then a huge club crashed down on my head.

"When I awakened it was night and quite a din was blasting my eardrums. I was lying where I'd fallen and my head ached. I felt of it tenderly, amazed to find no knot; it was merely the after-affects of that TNT. I raised up on an elbow and looked around. The Seris were throwing a big one, maybe warming up for the main event—*me.* I thought about those bones . . . I had come to Seriland to make a quiet study of the 'mysterious aborigines,' and look what I'd blundered into!

"I thought: 'My best move is to let those jokers get plastered, then take off.' My Cub plane rested on the sand a half-mile away. Lout nodded and chuckled and slapped my back. He was ossified, and we were great pals. I pretended to drink more brew, but managed to dump it on the ground. No more of that stuff.

"The moon went down, and several women filed out of the shadows. Foremost of these ladies was a bent hag at least a century old. She came to the fire and held up her withered hands. Everything quieted. Every eye was on that old gal. She began jabbering. When she stopped, the men stumbled to their feet, shouting drunkenly.

"I wondered what was up. Lout and another rascal pulled me up and shoved me along. I didn't hold back; this might be the break I was looking for.

"We piled into flimsy canoes and pushed off on the choppy waters of *Infiernillo*—'Little Hell.' An abrupt change came over the Seris. Their voices quieted, and the canoes slid along in uncanny silence.

"After a long paddle, and in pitch dark, the canoes scraped on the beach of Tassne Island. The men climbed out, maintaining a silence that was astounding considering their condition. Lout took my arm and we began plodding over the sand. Were we sneaking up on an enemy for a surprise attack? It looked that way.

"We were on a slaughter mission, all right, as I soon learned; but instead of ganging up on the enemy, we were bent on a massacre of the Seri's ancient gods! We had come to kill pelicans.

"The hunters made short work of the roosting birds with driftwood clubs. In a half hour there were heaps of dead pelicans, and baskets of huge eggs.

"I took no part in the hunt, nor in the drinking bout that followed on Tiburon. I took my leave the next day, satisfied with the notes I had made."

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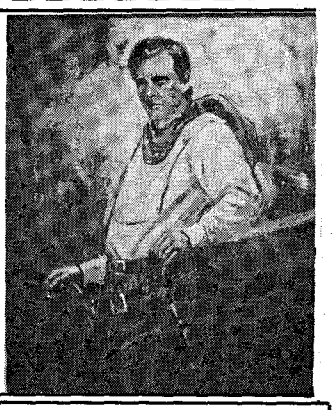

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Don't touch me—I might wake up! Can't you just see an old Texas boy gaping at the sights in London, Brussels, Rome, Paris? I'm lost already—just thinking about it!

Seriously, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are arousing such interest in Europe (believe it or not) that I'm going over to talk with a company on wider distribution. You can buy TRUE WEST all over Italy now! I'm going on Caravan Tours because I can go with a group for about half what it would take me to go on my own. If you're going to Europe this Spring, write Caravan Tours (above) and let's have a TRUE WEST-FRONTIER TIMES tour! I'm sailing April 9 on the Queen Mary, Tour No. 424.—Joe.

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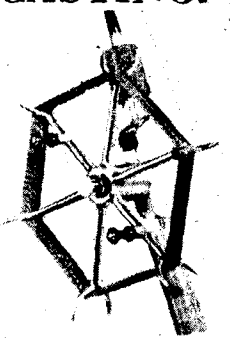

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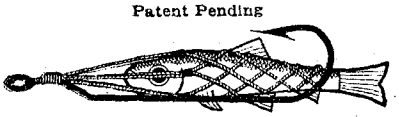

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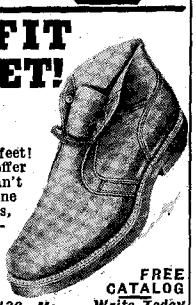

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number of them died of measles. They have few callers, although they give visitors a warm welcome.

Undernourished as they continually are, these Indians seem to live happy, carefree lives, in about the same category as that of the earliest cave men. When they want a fire, they use fire sticks. There are no guns on the island, so the Seris pick off an occasional rabbit or deer with bow and arrow, even though most of them have very poor eyesight, result of their diet. They make fairly good pottery bowls and turn out really beautifully woven baskets.

Face painting is common in Seriland, and each clan has its own individual designs. There seems to be no special events calling for facial adornment; folks simply "paint up" when they feel like it. They have no musical instruments other than a crude reed pipe which the youngsters whittle out and tootle on now and then.

Sewing is not one of the Seri arts, and most of their clothes are cast-offs shipped over from the mainland. There are a few rules which they observe carefully. One of these imposes a code of modesty which is strict by any standard. Both men and women wear clothes that cover them from neck to bare feet; even when they swim, they remain fully clothed.

A couple of years ago an enterprising photographer for a major magazine persuaded four Seris to join him in a trip to Los Angeles. Their encounter with civilization was a huge success—until they went to a beach and saw what present-day bathing suits look like. They were shocked at such "uncivilized" exposure!

Editor's Note:

Curious to know how the Seris fare today, we asked author Hyatt to check for us. Mayo Obregon, Director Manager of the Mexican airline, Trans Mar de Cortez, wrote Mr. Hyatt that most of the Seris are now living on the mainland in Kino Bay (exactly in front of Tiburon Island) but some Indians still live on the island in the same manner as their ancestors.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 15)

To the latter, Parker H. French "pitched" his offer.

He would guide them across Texas and the desert to the gold country, providing all transportation and supplies, for a bargain price of $250. One cash payment, that was all. Wagons, bedding, provisions, even tents—this 1850 version of a modern travel agent guaranteed to provide everything.

He was a persuasive man, this French, and, besides, his was a good offer. The skeptical prospects who looked over his trail equipment in San Antonio were agreeably surprised by the consideration he was showing for his passengers' comfort. This wagonmaster had everything an immigrant party could ask for—sturdy Conestoga wagons, thick new tarpaulins, husky mule teams, two ambulances, two chuck-wagons.

In short, the deal looked just about perfect. Four hundred travelers signed up pronto, which gave Promoter French a $10,000 gross for his venture. Better still, from Mr. French's standpoint, the $10,000 was almost clear profit.

This smooth-talking Kentuckian was an accomplished forger in addition to being an experienced wagonmaster. He had financed the beginning of his venture in New Orleans, where local banks had honored drafts upon Northern institutions.

These funds got him and his followers to San Antonio, where French officially organized his California expedition. He presented forged orders from the War Department to the military commandant at the supply station in the Alamo. The military authorities cooperated in every way, honoring his requisitions for wagons, teams, provisions, rifles, and ammunition.

Before French could get his party out of town, two of the rooked New Orleans bankers discovered that they had accepted "hot paper." Their representatives overtook the promoter in San Antonio, but proved to be reasonable men. The charming Mr. French smilingly took care of the cash deficiency and the bank agents returned to New Orleans without tipping off the Army. French was able to lead his immigrant party West after all.

THE caravan crossed the Pecos with no incident out of the ordinary. The Kentuckian was a good wagonmaster. He kept his travelers in line, well fed and armed in case of Indian attack. He was also a stern disciplinarian, particularly in upholding the honor of the few wives in the caravan.

French disapproved of heavy drinking, and forbade his customers to hit the jug. He was able to enforce this rule in open country, but, as French led his wagons into El Paso to replenish his supplies with further requisitions forged upon the U. S. Army, a handful of recalcitrants decided that Mr. French took his authority much too seriously.

The wagonmaster dealt with the malcontents in prompt order; he ordered them tied up and their ringleader flogged.

His victims turned to open mutiny, and so austere had been French's rule that the wagon party divided into two factions. The fracas began as a "free fist fight," but French was no man to take a physical beating in good grace. When one of the angry immigrants whipped him, he went for his pistol and shot his conqueror through the shoulder.

That only caused the wounded man to bring out his rifle, and his friends to prime their guns. In the ensuing battle French had his right arm shot off and was chased across the Rio Grande into Mexico.

His party split into two units and most of the wagons continued on to California. There is no record that the Army ever recovered any of its property.

The ebullient Mr. French bounced back at once from his adversity. He reappeared on the Texas Gulf Coast and found an engaging friend in Colonel W. H. Kinney, who had promoted a ranch for himself and also a Texas port, Corpus Christi. Kinney lent French money and persuaded him to join William Walker in establishing a revolutionary government in Nicaragua. As a return for his services, French received appointment as ambassador of that country to the United States.

Thus, Parker H. French returned to New Orleans as the official envoy of a foreign power. Victims of his "hot paper" campaign pounced upon him, but French evaded every attempt at arrest. As the accredited representative of a friendly

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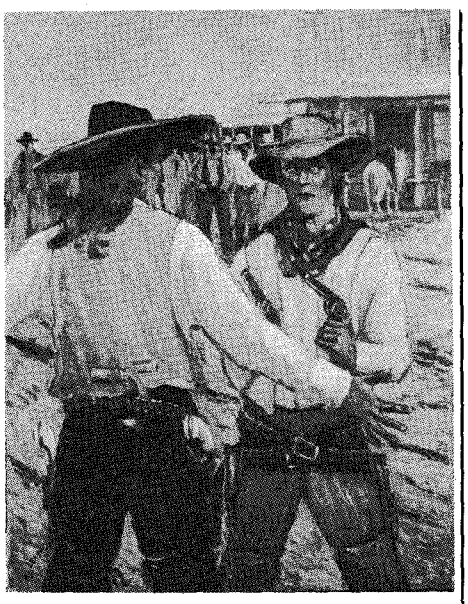

DID JOHN WESLEY HARDIN REALLY BACK DOWN WILD BILL HICKOK?

Lewis Nordyke, one of America's best known writers, tackles what is still one of the greatest Old West controversies. Lewis went out in the field; he beat the brush, he talked to old-timers, he talked to sons of old-timers, he talked to a man who had been there and had seen the whole thing happen. It's the life of John Wesley Hardin. Nuff said.

And there are other articles such as JIM BOWIE AND HIS DEADLY KNIFE, HE CREATED THE BOWIE KNIFE (life story of James Black), BIG MOUTH—APACHE SCOUT, LOST BLUE BUCKET MINE, ROLLICKING RAWHIDE, PLUM CREEK INCIDENT, MA RIDIN' OLD BULLY, THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE TOWN, HERDING CATTLE IN MEXICO, and other interesting features.

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country, he was not subject to civil authorities.

Like all such adventurers, French didn't know enough to quit when he was ahead. He returned to Nicaragua as the Walker-Kinney regime became involved in counter-revolution and lost his life in the fighting there.

SAGE AND CACATUS

BY DOUGHBELLY PRICE

I went to see one of them Wild Western pictures the other night. The cattle stampeded, the saddle horses got away, and the cook burned the biscuits—but the Hero had to take time out to buckle on his trusty .45, get the Girl out of bed, tell her how much he loved her and kiss her until you could hear the suction some distance away. His hat was turned up on three sides like Washington's crossing the Delaware, and he had two feet of slack in his bridle reins when he crawled on his horse. He wore a wristwatch and was smoking uptown cigarettes—and the time was seventy-five years ago.

That is a few days before my time, but I didn't know they had tailor-made cigs, wrist-watches and six-shooters that shot eight or ten times without reloading. I reckon a man's never too old to learn.

When the Hero rode forth to do battle with the stampeding cattle and the storm, the gal looked after him with a faraway look in her eyes like a locoed sheep. It was all very romantic, I guess, but my honest opinion is that movie cowboy don't know which end of a cow grazes. (My opinion ain't worth much, but I can't keep from expressing it.) Anyhow, the cowboy's horse fell on him but he was rescued in time for the Girl to nurse him back to health and marriage.

They should have showed the finale of that picture as Hollywood goes nowadays. Divorce proceedings granted on grounds of incompatibility (whatever that is). Or mental cruelty, and how much alimony the poor slob will have to pay. Oh well, them picture people has got to have something, I guess. Might just as well be fake cowboys as fake investigators, and there is plenty of both—for a FEE.

Our Editor's "Old Yeller"

The plain old western ranch dog is finally having his belated day.

Recognition of the nondescript mongrel who helped tame the wild frontier, from San Antone to Cheyenne and the Powder River, has come in a stirring story by Fred Gipson and a fine film by Walt Disney, titled "Old Yeller."

Only a few of the breed that never was a breed are still left on remote cattle spreads and lonely farms this side of the Pecos and the Rockies. Mostly they are dimming memories in the recollections of old-timers and their elder kinsfolk.

Gipson's sentimental saga and Disney's movie monument personalize the heretofore unsung and unhonored horde in the hide of a big, tough, rough-and-tumble yellow stray who adopts a Texas frontier family and helps decide its fortunes in the face of deadly danger from wild beasts and with the hard chores of winning a homestead.

(Continued on following page)

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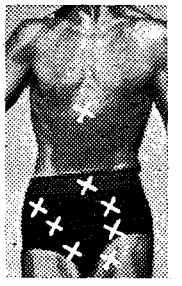

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Our Editor, Fred Gipson, Texas-born rancher-writer at home in Mason, got the comic and tragic anecdote and incident which he put into his best selling novel from his own pioneer grandparents and other frontier folk during his boyhood. "Old Yeller," he says, is part fact, part fiction, but wholly true to the basic nature of the old range dog and what was expected of him as guardian and helper in a savage land.

Walt Disney, too, has a strong leaning toward dog stories and a sympathy for the under dog which has found expression in some of his most memorable productions, both fictional and documentary.

The combination of the two adds a splendid chapter to the great legend of the dog—especially to the saga of the American-grown canine who was first of all the useful companion as watchdog, hunter retriever, helper with stock, rous-

"That's fighting talk, Podner!"

ter of varmints and loyal friend, before ever he was dubbed "man's best friend" or won ribbons at bench shows. Generally he had no pedigree.

Gipson helped adapt his story to the screen. He saw the role of his four-footed hero enacted with remarkable fidelity and intelligence by a mongrel called Spike, who had been salvaged from a dog pound for a few dollars by Frank Weatherwax, one of filmdom's most successful trainers of animals. Spike will have a high place in Disney's gallery of animal celebrities.

"Old Yeller" also deserves peerage with the great dog stories by Jack London, James Oliver Curwood, Albert Payson Terhune, MacKinlay, Cantor, and other literary respectors of dog character whose tributes are indexed among the 100 key lines on two pages of a familiar quotations compendium of the world's most illustrious authors.

Coming Up!

(Continued from page 2)

book form. As for the author, he's mighty happy to let the Indians go for a spell and devote himself to editing Frontier Times.

Charlie Bowdre was a real hard-luck badman. About his only claim to fame was the fact that he sided Billy the Kid during the Lincoln County War and after, and was gunned down by Pat Garrett at Stinking Spring in 1880. Charlie's last words as he toppled over the edge of an arroyo into Garret's arms were "I wish—I wish . . ." B. L. Gehrman tells the story of the badman who didn't quite make the grade in "Charlie Bowdre's Wish."

Due to the length of the last part of "Death on the North Plains," we may have to omit "Wild Old Days" this time—how do you like that feature, anyhow? But the Injuns didn't get "Truly Western" and that's one break.

See you later, Podner . . .

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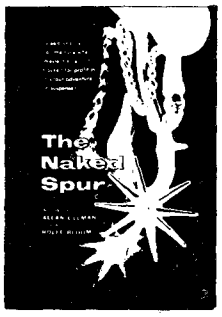

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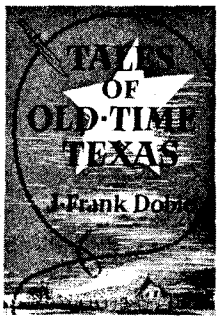

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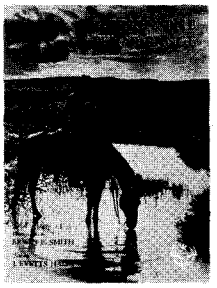

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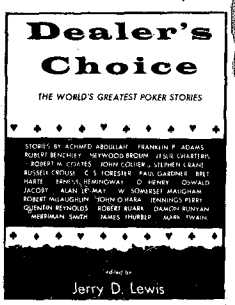

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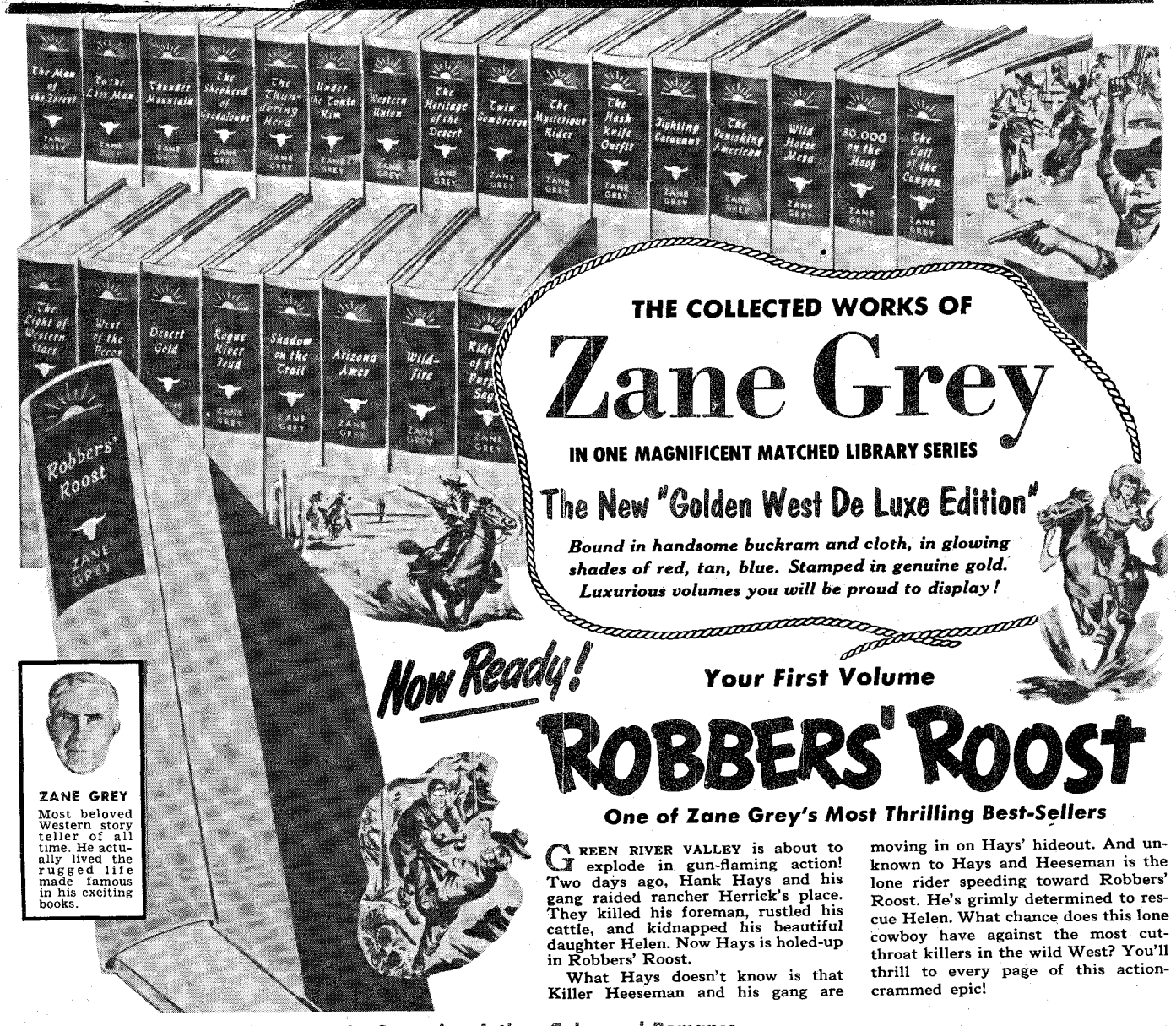

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